



# AYRSHIRE ASPIRATIONS,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

BY

# HUGH CRAIG,

MERCHANT, KILMARNOCK.

"Our true intent is, all for your delight."

KILMARNOCK:

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Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Ayr,		
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## DEDICATION.

TO

# THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARCHIBALD WILLIAM,

EARL OF EGLINTON AND WINTON, K.T.; Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Apr.

My Lord,

As showers descending from the sky
The rills and rivulets supply,
And these, in turn, their waters lend
To streams that 'neath our navies bend,
Whose ample waters slowly sweep
Into the ocean's trackless deep;
So my long life just represents
One scene of little incidents.

To tell of joys, griefs, hopes, and fears, In fifty tedious, toiling yearsOf boyhood's sports, and manhood's feats, Of love's delight, and love's regrets, Of flowing wealth and empty purse (Than which few things on earth are worse), Of all that I have done and suffered— A humbler hist'ry can't be offered. To scan it o'er would be a hardship; Therefore I wont annoy your Lordship, But, with your Lordship's kind permission, I do with frankness make confession, That, e'er since I could read or write, Poetic lore was my delight; And though no lofty flights have aimed, And oft for dulness may be blam'd, Still, two great points I've kept in view-Man's pleasure and improvement, too-With home-truths in attractive dress, To add to mankind's happiness.

Already bright, your Lordship's name, Emblazoned on the scroll of fame, Requires no poet's lay to raise it; I shall not then attempt to praise it; But would most humbly beg to state, That, whilst this Book I dedicate,

#### DEDICATION.

My Lord, to you—'tis not because
I bow for patronage, and applause
(Which, though of lasting value may be,
Are not the objects now that sway me);
But high esteem, and veneration,
Warm gratitude, and admiration,
Inspire my soul with homage meet,
To lay my Volume at your feet.

My gift accept most noble friend:
Kindly may Heaven your life defend,
And grant that your illustrious line
In Britain's latest annals shine;
And each succeeding Chief maintain
Like yours—a splendid, patriotic reign.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

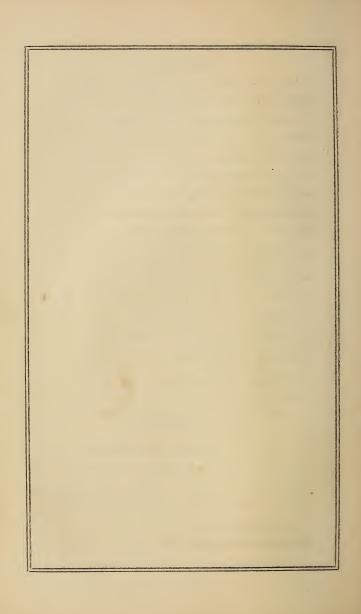
Your Lordship's

Humble and obliged

Servant,

HUGH CRAIG.

WALLACE BANK, Kilmarnock, 15th February, 1856.



# PREFACE.

AFTER many years of observation, experience, and enjoyment, I have come to the distinct conclusion that mental cultivation and moral refinement give a zest which nothing else can give to everything around us which offers to contribute to our gratification; and that nothing exists in the universe which may not add something to the happiness of the expanded soul of man. When I look back to my infancy, and realize the era at which my parents' features became recognisable; to my childhood's rambles and discoveries in the barn-yard and kitchen-garden; to my subsequent exploring adventures in the world as a school-boy, and compare the little, feeble, ignorant being I then was, to what I now am—(humble, very humble though I be)— I am forced to exclaim with unaffected gratitude, "What a wonder am I to myself!" Nor is this expansion of human intellect

rare: it is the invariable result of mental exertion. And as in no period of the world's history have the treasures of knowledge been so completely unlocked as in the present age, so thousands upon thousands of my fellowcountrymen, much higher advanced in their elevated career than I am, would, most willingly and unanimously, confirm my exclamation from their own individual experience. What an immeasurable distance is there between the infant of a day and the man whose mind scans unbounded space and its countless variety of suns, stars, and systems! Who looks back into a never-begun, and forward to a never-ending lapse of duration! Who examines and analyses the globe on which we dwell, and turns all its materials to his use; subdues and compels all other creatures upon its surface to serve him; and forces even fire and vapour, winds and seas, to promote his purposes! And who, after all, with the most intense adoration, humbly acknowledges the great source of all his sublime and wonderful attainments!

But whilst I feel bound in duty thus far

to assert my views of the innate dignity of our nature, in opposition to contrary opinions, I nevertheless cannot anticipate an early period when extensive knowledge and comparative excellence shall generally be acquired by the universal human family. The principal obstacles to this blissful consummation are at present so formidable, that I gladly turn to the more hopeful prospect of attainable excellence in our little circle of Scottish society.

It is a self-evident proposition that the means for mental cultivation must be furnished, and a desire to apply them must exist, before any improvement is effected. Now we have the means of instruction in every branch of Literature, Science, and Art, inconceivably abundant, and of easy access; but the craving appetite of curiosity (by which alone a participation in their enjoyment can be obtained) is as yet feebly and narrowly developed, and far from being so vigorously encouraged as it ought to be by those who have the means of exciting it at their disposal. Truths of every class must

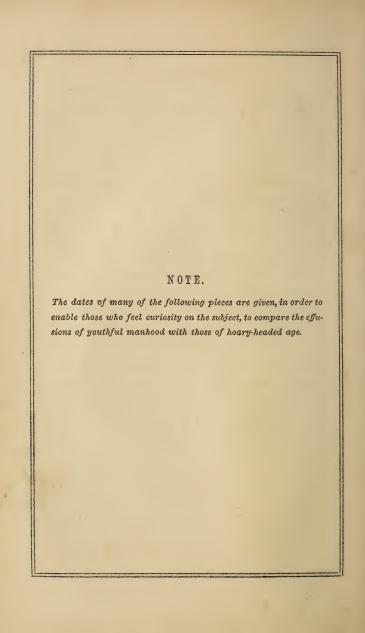
now be exhibited in the most lively, amusing, and attractive colours, in order to induce our great industrial community (who need repose amidst toil) to devote even the smallest portion of their unemployed hours to mental exertion and expansive meditations. Hence the absolute necessity of novelty, ingenuity, condensation, variety, and animation in all lectures, sermons, and publications intended for general benefit.

In accordance with these principles I publish this new and greatly variegated Volume, hoping that it may gratify mental craving, guide every-day life, improve social intercourse, and aid in the gradual elevation of posterity. Mankind are all thirsting after pleasure, and striving to avoid pain. They try every stratagem, and hunt in every direction after happiness. If my Aspirations should in some degree contribute to the promotion of the pure and lasting enjoyment of a small section of the great family of rational beings to which I belong, then will the grand object which I contemplated by their publication be fully accomplished.

To the kindness of my numerous Subscribers am I indebted for the encouragement which led to the appearance of this volume. I have never liked a large book with little in it, and therefore caused the printer to make mine as compact as might be consistent with perspicuity—to make it, in fact, a Pocket Occasional allusion to Busi-Companion. ness, interspersed throughout the Work, cannot, I am sure, give offence to any one. British prosperity—British wealth—British colonies-British supremacy-have their origin chiefly in commercial enterprise; and it has been my happy lot to live to see and experience a most unprecedented social influence progressively bringing into close and unreserved friendship the Aristocracythe Merchants—the Agriculturists—and the Manufacturers of my country.

HUGH CRAIG.

Wallace Bank, 18th February, 1856.



# AYRSHIRE ASPIRATIONS.

## TALLY-HO!

FIELD Sports have, for thousands of years, been considered as incomparably superior to in-door amusements—as manly vigour is to degenerate effemi-Indeed, were the human family precluded nacv. from enjoying the invigorating exercises which the labours of agriculture, the management of flocks, and the cultivation of fruits and flowers afford; or prevented from participating in the exciting struggles, the thrilling dangers, the quivering chances, which Racing, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Curling, and Bowling furnish-Beauty, Health, Strength, Mind, must speedily decay, and total annihilation close their career, after the lingerings of a few feeble generations. Can there, for example, be anything more conducive to the full development of courage and its kindred virtues, than a modern Fox-Hunt?

See with what precision, in spite of wind and rain, and distance, and the charms of balmy sleep, the

meet takes place. See how systematically the hounds thread the mazes of the entangled cover. Mark how craftily and nimbly Reynard steals away, skulking behind the whins and the hillocks for concealment as he goes. Mark that prince of dogs which first gave tongue, and now takes the lead—and that couple near him, and that jolly brown-and-white fellow at their heels. How magnificently they run! The fox can't live a mile at that pace. Can't he? He'll take them ten, and no mistake.

Away, away, with whirlwind speed, fox, hounds, and sportsmen are gone! What a sight for Ayrshire! What a galaxy of red coats, splendidly mounted, going at full speed over hedge, ditch, brook, gate, and wall, for miles together without a check or accident!—the foremost in ecstacy with their position in the chase; the next equally delighted because so little behind, and the rear ranks luxuriating in the comfortable condition of the smashed fences, and the pleasing hope that Reynard will compassionately make a double in their favour. But is this pace to last? Yes; and telling fast. Where is the fiery, foaming black, which scorned the sod at starting? Where the bright bay, with white legs, which sprang three feet higher than necessary over the first fence? Where our friend with mustachios and his boasted steeple-chaser? Where he on the chesnut who always led at Melton? Where the ruddy youth on the Highland pony? Just at our heels; but the others are nowhere. But here's a real rasper a head. Will

you lead over? Prefer to follow, if you please. Come along, my good horse; that's it—all right. Deepish drop on this side, sir! Are you coming? Can't. Then good bye. Silent musings for two miles. New company arrives. Capital run, sir! Glorious!! Select party now, eh? Yes, getting pretty unanimous. Reynard does make a ring to accommodate the field, and to shake off the closing embraces of his affectionate followers, and now what a panorama of excitement is displayed! The fox makes a push; the hounds make a rush; and bridles, spurs, whips, horses, and riders, all simultaneously exhibit symptoms of renewed energy. The finish is momentarily expected; but no: that irregular mass of thorns in the gateway so entangled his pursuers, that the fox gains half a field of grace. The disappointed hounds, now roused to reckless vengeance, howl with fury; and all the scattered sportsmen converge their rapid movements towards a shrub covered rocky knoll, whether the fox seems steering for safety; and there he does arrive in good time to be killed in a crevice, and thus escape the affront of a public execution. Wasn't the last the finest burst in the chase? incomparably so!—all well up, all highly gratified!

January, 1843.

# ADMIRABLE LESSON TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

'Trs long since Truth was first by Fable taught,
And beast and bird had speech with Wisdom fraught;
Fish, reptile, insect too, display'd great wit,
While trees, grass, flowers, to teach our race were fit.
Ev'n rocks, streams, seas, rain, snow, and boist'rous wind

Had each a friendly lesson for mankind;
And still they all are busy as of yore
To strew instruction from their ample store.
But who with ear acute can catch their speech?
Who can unveil the mystic truths they teach?
Who can command them to rebuke a friend
In stern yet silv'ry tones that wont offend?
Or check the havoc of blood-thirsty sword
Uplifted by the ire of tyrant lord?
Or win the tender feelings of the fair
When Lover's heart is writhing in despair?
Who but the Poet? none but he is able
Clearly to teach by speechless thing or fable.

Pray hear a lesson from a chaffinch's nest, Close to my house on pear-tree twig is press'd. First with green moss the outer-works are laid, And firmly fixed within the leafy shade; Then round and round with downy feathers lin'd, That eggs and young sufficient heat may find. Day after day a mottl'd egg is dropp'd— When numbering four all farther increase stopp'd. Now patient incubation, night and day, Cools wanton sports, and tames all mirthful play. Alternate birds, with timid, panting breast And jealous eve, are seen to hatch the nest. On-rolling time rewards their anxious care With lively, hopeful offspring, plump and bare. What fond affections now the parents warm, To feed their young, and shelter them from harm! To scour the trees they haste on quivering wing, And loads of caterpillars homewards bring: The young with open beak and infant cries Receive with joy the nourishing supplies. Insatiate app'tite makes them pant for more, And bounteous Nature yields a plenteous store. Hour after hour the brood increase in size. (The prowling cat delights in such a prize). Their feathers now a rapid growth display, And bye and bye they swell in plumage gay. At last the morn, the happy morn, has come, When parents wish the young to leave their home; The pair continuous flutter round and round, Then hop, and peck, and chatter on the ground. And doubtless tell their offspring by their talk-"You easily may fly-if not, may walk." The thrilling moment comes, when, off they spring, On strong and beauteous, though unessay'd, wing; Quickly to distant lofty trees they're led Safely to roost, and be with plenty fed;

To win the praise of all who them behold With ruby necks and pinions dipp'd in gold; And in a night of vocal joy and love To animate, delight, and charm the grove.

Now learn ye parents, who have wealth to spare, Who for your children feel the tend'rest care! Would ye preserve them from the world's neglect, Gain for them friendship, honour, and respect? Stamp them for admiration and applause, As patriots who revere their country's laws, Promote its weal in peace—in war defend—Make mankind bless their glorious aim and end. Then teach their minds to lofty themes t' aspire, And clothe them always in the best attire.

June 10, 1848.

# SOURCES OF ENJOYMENT TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

My Muse ascend, and in thy ardent flight
Sing of those charms which yield mankind delight!
In glowing numbers tell how coming day,
On radiant wing, gives hope its happy play;
How eager Husbandman with glist'ning eyes,
And eastward glance, with joy surveys the skies;
Sudden he calls his toil-worn men and maids,
Who stir reluctant from the Morphean shades;

To each in haste the long-day's task assigns, And skilful age with active youth combines: To plough, to sow—the crumbling harrow drive, From weedy soil the tangled roots to rive, The straight lin'd drill to draw with steady aim, (A careless bend obscures the ploughman's fame) To scatter neatly the perfum'd manure, Slice down the succ'lent root with "eye" secure, With measur'd stride and stooping care to drop The shapeless parents of a plenteous crop: With cloven drill enfold the treasur'd seed. And scare-crows raise to thwart the raven's greed. On wings of joy the Farmer's fancy soars To well cramm'd barn, and wide out-bursting stores; Then gladly master, men, and maidens close The day's hard labour, and resume repose.

What source of joy the Mariner obtains, Who, tempest-toss'd, at last the haven gains! His wealth secure,—his barque at anchor safe, Well shelter'd from the lash of turbid wave; Sweet joys his loving wife's warm bosom swell, And joy inspires the tales his children tell.

How does the heart of youthful Poet glow, When from his quill the chiming numbers flow! Rude tho' at first may sound his muse's strain, Miltonic fame he proudly hopes to gain. What joys enwrap the youthful artist's heart When living features from his canvass start! A Raphael, Hogarth, Reynolds! who can tell But all the three combin'd he may excel? How does the miser's heart beat when he's told That there are thousands added to his gold! How loud the cheers from Bacchanalians soar, When well-fill'd bowl and glass inspire the roar!

Mark with what ecstacy the Sportsman cries, "Away! away! see how old Reynard flies! "Ten miles at least he'll take us o'er the heath, "And I for one shall be in at the Death."

Lovers, proverbial for their mutual joy, May on each other all their thoughts employ; But shall my muse attempt the lofty flight To tell in language what's supreme delight? Sooner shall she encompass boundless space, Than Love's sweet endless raptures fully trace. But there's a source of joy to all mankind, To high-to low-to rich nor poor confin'd-The best, the worst, the coward, and the brave. The tyrant ruler, and the trembling slave, Each may partake of: -so may Britain's Queen, Or wildest savage in the desert seen: Man, woman, child—the youth, and hoary sire, For this one source of pleasure have desire. And what is it? The truth must be confess'd, TO BE WELL-CLOTH'D, AND ELEGANTLY-DRESS'D.

May 15, 1848.

#### BRITISH RESOURCES.

In no age or country have mental energy and activity been more conspicuously displayed and rewarded than in the British Empire during the last fifty years. What but the unbending magnanimity and inconceivable skill and foresight of our Statesmen and Warriors, backed by the enthusiastic patriotism of all classes of the inhabitants, could have counteracted and defeated inpending invasions of the most formidable character, and reduced to quietness and civility the most powerful, crafty, and malicious enemies whom Britons ever encountered? What but the patient industry, astonishing ingenuity, and unbounded scientific investigations of the people in general, could have kept the bonds of Society from bursting asunder under distressing famine, ravaging pestilence, ruined commerce, want of employment, oppressive taxation, and the thousand ills that life is heir to? Is it not as remarkable as it is praiseworthy in the British character, that calamities, misfortunes, disasters, or evils of any kind-whether national or personal-public or private, are, instantly as they occur, ameliorated, redressed, or rectified, and their future recurrence prevented or postponed; and that for every conceivable want or demand, somebody is ready to suggest or provide an immediate supply? Does our Government seem in a dilemma as to the safest and

most successful means of extricating the nation out of its present deplorable Monetary crisis? then ten thousand ardent spirits proffer my Lord John Russell, and both Houses of Parliament, their gratuitous and infallible schemes. Does the cry of invasion resound throughout our Isle, because that old, crafty, ambitious tyrant Louis Philippe has fortified Paris to keep it in bondage, and raised a monstrous army to keep his dynasty on the throne -and to crush for ever-if he can-the aspirations of France for constitutional liberty? then is this alarm promptly responded to by the most emphatic propositions for effectual resistance. From the Great Iron Duke, down to the humblest pot-o'-beer-Politician—all have their projects of defence concocted-all are preparing to meet and repel the coming Does the length and breadth of the land require railways to facilitate and cheapen travelling and traffic? A few short years elapse, and the energetic minds and willing hands of our countrymen bring Cornwall and Caithness-800 miles separate-within twenty-four hours easy travelling of each other; whilst every intermediate city, town, village, and district has ample railway accommodation forced upon it, by the vigilance of competing companies. Is it deemed necessary for the ends of public justice and safety, as well as for private protection and prosperity, that knowledge be transmitted with the velocity of a sunbeam? then the Electric Telegraph can do it! Is some Leviathan steam-ship run ashore and deeply embedded in the sandy beach? then, scores of feasible plans for floating it are instantly afloat. Are bodily accidents of the most frightful nature occuring in rapid succession, and some amelioration to the excruciating pains of amputation imploringly demanded? then, Chloroform is at hand to divest the dissecting-knife of all its appalling horrors. Do the people of Ayrshire require Clothing of any description? then, I am able and willing to supply them.

January 12, 1848.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

THE Spring, tho' late, has come at last, And mildly breathes the Western blast; And the' the brows of Goatfell show A spotless cap of purest snow, Yet warmth, diffus'd by sunny rays, Cheers up the songster's am'rous lays, Stirs into life the insect races. And gilds the mead with Flora's graces. The nibb'ling lambs get fresh Spring clover, The echoes ring with fretful plover, The crows wheel clam'rous 'mang the trees, Expanding buds attract the bees: The lav'rock's soaring song and flight Affords the school-boy sweet delight, As trudging o'er the field he goes Forgetting lessons, tasks, and all his other woes. And should not man, arous'd by Spring, Away his wintry garments fling, Put on what's new, and fresh, and gay, And brisker look, with brightening day? Should not the Milk-maid—sonsy hizzy— Whom crowded byres have kept so busy, Cast by her apron, whilst the cows Are browsing on you verdant knowes, And trip to Killie-call and look at Braw claes to suit her e'e and pocket? The thrifty, cleanly Countra Wife, Wha's store of cash is seldom rife. May soon fin' out whar she can clead Her rosy bairns frae heel to head, In summer garb, baith guid and cheap, Wi' colours proof 'gainst freething saep. The crouse auld Carl—threescore and ten, Wha never thinks his days will en', May, in new Great Coat, trig and warm, For scores o' years be snug frae harm. But whilst exhorting every class To catch the seasons as they pass, And aye wi' earnest aim and study Keep handsome cleeding on the body, I'd venture to gie soun' advice To young anes wha're resolved to splice: Here Brides the richest silks may find, And shawls to please the ficklest mind— Blankets, Ticks, Curtains, Counterpanes, Sheets, Linens, Muslins, Flannels, Jeans,

Rare Parasols the cheeks to screen, Umbrellas to keep dry and bein, Wi' every nicknack, may adorn The prettiest maiden e'er was born. Here Bridegrooms wedding coats may buy, Of Saxon wool, and stainless dye, Vests, sparkling bright with mingled rays, Like butterfly in noontide blaze, Trowsers of patterns fresh frae France, Ae new ane, ca'd "The Royal Dance." Hats, glossy, durable, and light, (Might pass for mirrors, they're so bright). But what, need I attempt to tell What Avrshire folks may see theirsel'? So all who like may come and try, And should I please you well—then, Buy; If not, in Killie open doors For sale of Clothes there are some scores. But this I confidently say, Gie my Big Warehousefu' fair play, And I'll lay gainst your groat a guinea, I'm cheaper, better, far than any; And though the boast may raise a laugh, No other shop can show you half.

April 12, 1848.

## PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

When man at first in Paradise appeared,
He lived on fruits which Nature's hand had reared;
And naked stalked, as gaily and as glad
As those who now in silken robes are clad.
But when to Heaven's high will he gave offence,
By breaking one plain rule of Temperance,
Driven forth he was to plough, and hunt for game,
To feed his body, and conceal his shame.

Next for himself and wife he shelter rears Of branches, which he from the forest tears, Daily exerting all his skill and care To raise a mansion fit for Adam's heir: And thus, by slow degrees, provides with pain For the arrival of his first-born—Cain. This crusty child could scarcely walk and speak, When roused he was by brother Abel's squeak. Both grow to manhood! Abel learned to keep, To tame, to feed, to foster flocks of sheep. Cain, less active, but more fit for toil, Ploughs, sows, and reaps, on Eden's fertile soil. Their direful feud, which brought on Cain a curse, I cannot palliate, neither shall make worse. With haste the murd'rer left the scene of strife. And, gath'ring wealth, lived happy with his wife. Increase of family and fruits of tillage, Caus'd him to swell his farm-stead to a village,—

Then to a town—and, bye-and-bye, a city, Nam'd for his son (which doubtless was thought witty).

Cain, though cruel, well deserves respect, Because he was the first great architect.

Refinement then began her brilliant reign—Science by Jubal,—Arts by Tubalcain:
And Navigation gloriously commences
Just when the world is drowned for its offences.

To Navigation what a debt is due!
Without it Britain's comforts would be few!
Without it mankind would have been confin'd
To their first tract which seas and rivers bind;
Without it one vast Hemisphere were waste,
And all the isles within the ocean plac'd.

Fell was the swoop the dreadful deluge made—Of such another men became afraid,
Come when it might they anxiously prepared
To shun the fate old Noah's kinsmen shared;
Combining strength and skill they built a tower,
Whose monstrous ruins stand until this hour,
To which when earth was drown'd they might retreat,
And there the vengeance which they fear'd defeat.
But justice came in an unlook'd for way,
And forc'd them wide o'er all the world to stray.
Some to the east their devious journey steer,
And people plains which Indian rivers cheer.

More eastward still his course bent wand'ring man, Till empires rose in China and Japan. In all directions, south, and west, and north, The infant swarms of mankind venture forth, And plough, and sow, and reap, and feed their flocks,

Mould into towns and temples stubborn rocks, Practise and perfect all the arts they bring, While from their wants and wishes others spring. Arts, in due time, by Sciences were nourished, And soon the Poet and Historian flourished; Music and Painting, too, display their charms, And Sculpture into life the marble warms. Commerce, awakening, spreads her ample sails, Bends to her aid the currents, tides, and gales, Courts into kindly traffic hostile shores, Collects and scatters o'er all the world her stores.

Age after age rolls on. In every age
Tribes against tribes in bloody strife engage;
And strange to us, who live in peace, it seems,
Religion quench'd not War with her pacific beams.
'Twas Ignorance with Hate, that, hand in hand,
Led into battle each ferocious band;
But Knowledge now, by powers before unknown,
Raises Truth's sceptre, which the world must own.
Truth, Love, and Zeal, shall ne'er their efforts cease,
Till mankind cherish universal peace.
The Printing Press soon by its influence shall
Crush every sword—melt every cannon-ball,

Cement by friendship those who once were foes, And open mankind's eyes to War's sad woes, The savage mind raise to the sage's state, And slave and serf to Freedom elevate.

But if severer work be wanted still, The faithful Press obeys Truth's sovereign will, And, cheerfully and promptly, yields consent Temp'rance to cherish—Drunkenness prevent.

Intoxication! had'st thou had thy sway O'er mankind's doings and their destiny, No Art .- no Science ever had been tried. But lower far then brutes they'd lived and died: No Music but the Drunkard's groan and snore; No Painting, but the stains of Drunkard's gore; No Statuary but the impress he leaves, When mud his staggering nerveless frame receives: No tilling of the ground, I should suppose, Except when plow'd by his descending nose. By him no house, no town, no temple's reared— No home he needs;—by him no God is feared. Should he the sweets of Poetry desire, He'll scrawl them with spread fingers in the mire. The knowledge most congenial to his mind, Is to the stupifying draught confined; And all his love concentrates in the bowl. Which drowns his reason, and destroys his soul. Commercial pursuits, to increase his riches, Chiefly consists in navigating ditches.

Of all historic records he needs none, Except this epitaph upon a stone:—

" Here buried lie, in peace to rot,

"The ruins of a wretched sot."

#### PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE:

You will observe that the above Poem delineates, though imperfectly, the progress towards civilisation and happiness which mankind have already made. and are likely yet to make; and likewise what would be the effect of general or individual drunkenness. But as there are some minds susceptible of deep and lasting impressions from arithmetic, who are invulnerable to the shafts of satire, or the thunderbolts of eloquence, I subjoin a statement of the manner in which a Drunkard may easily step out of the Slough of Despond, assume the garb of a gentleman, and become a respectable member of society.

By saving One Penny a day for a year (365 days), a good new Superfine Coat may be procured—save  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. and you get a Pair of excellent Trousers along with it—save 2d. and you complete the suit, and get a nice Stuff Hat besides. Save  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day and you add to your Sunday's dress a fine Linen Shirt—a stout wearing one—a rich Silk Handkerchief, and a pair of fine Lamb's Wool Stockings. Save 3d. and an Every-day suit of good Moleskin completes your wardrobe, all ready-made to your measure.

Where is the Drunkard who does not swallow every day more than 3d. worth of unnecessary liquor?

Leave the pence with me, and you shall have all the useful articles I have enumerated, and fewer headaches than hitherto.

15th Feb., 1843.

### TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou can'st not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood,
All partial evil, universal good.
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, 'Whatever is is RIGHT,' "—POPE.

I CANNOT allow the great events which have convulsed the Continent of Europe since the 24th day of February to glide away into the ocean of eternity without some remarks. The French Revolution is a great event, fraught with tremendous consequences. I am truly glad that it has driven the old tyrant, Louis Philippe, and the dynasty he was going to establish by a military despotism, out of France for Although this Revolution must inevitably produce long-lasting disorder and misery amongst the very persons who accomplished it, its beneficial influences in shaking all the despotisms of the world, and introducing better systems of government, and thereby adding to the happiness of mankind, must be incalculably great. This Revolution has also read a most pathetic rebuke to our own constitutional rulers, which they, wrapped up in all the pomp and pride of place and power, are determined to resist. No alarming lessons from foreign allies, no honest remonstrances from friends at home, can effectually convince our Government and Legislature that there are two monstrous evils involved in the mismanagement of our national affairs, directly tending to the most deplorable results. One of these is the enormously expensive manner in which the taxation of the empire is raised—costing more than seven millions of pounds sterling, or about a seventh part of the whole, to uplift the amount levied! Durst any private establishment try such infamous extortion? The other evil is the disgracefully extravagant style in which all the higher and comparatively idle functionaries in the State and in the Church of England are paid out of the funds annually extracted from the industry of the people.

For remedy, I speak not at present of any organic change in the Constitution—extension of the suffrage—vote by ballot—short parliaments—or any other unpalatable innovation—but simply and solely of economizing the resources of the country. This is a thing easily attainable without diminishing the efficiency of our national defences, provided our Members of Parliament and Her Majesty's advisers could be persuaded to undertake the task; but this they will not do, till some more terrible episode in the world's history than the progressing revolutions in Europe brings them to their senses. What particular event, plot, or calamity shall arouse them from their present lethargy, I dare not and cannot venture

to predict; but come it may, long ere the time expires during which our very liberal representatives have ordained the income-tax to continue: that tax which, in the manner levied, is a flagrant robbery of industry.

It becomes the duty, then, of every patriot not to waste his strength and irritate his mind with idle clamours and vain petitions against the reckless and ruinous conduct of a deaf and inflexible Legislature and Executive, but to endeavour to ameliorate in every possible way the circumstances of all his fellow-countrymen with whom he is surrounded.

28th March, 1848.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

1854.

This day another closing year
Must in the world's archives appear,
And future ages backward gaze
Upon its scenes, with blame and praise.
Our children, wond'ring, will enquire,
Whence sprang calamity so dire,
So unexpected, so intense,
As WAR, appalling every sense,
And havoc drive o'er peaceful man,
Which last departed year began?

Historians well may blush to write The causes of this mortal fight. Religion! pure Religion's name,
First fann'd the blood-absorbing flame;
And Greek and Roman churches, both
Against each other waxing wroth,
Stirr'd up those dormant, envious spirits,
Which each from ages past inherits,
Rous'd Russia's mad ambitious hand
To grasp a feebler neighbour's land,
And in the name of Christian's Lord,
Destroy the Turks by fire and sword!
And thus from less to more arose
A strife which none foresees the close.

Weep! Britain weep! Departed worth! See thy best blood bedyes the earth; Thy high-bred sons and gallant swains Enrich Crimea's barren plains: While vultures vile and beasts of prey Feast on their flesh as oft's they may.

Weep! Mother weep! Thy darling son—Born, nursed, and reared by thee alone; Thy soul's delight, thy hope, thy stay; Wrapp'd in thine heart by night and day—Has gone to brave the Russian host, And now to thee for ever lost!

Weep! Widow weep! Thy husband's kiss No more endears connubial bliss; No more with soothing look shall he
Whisper away sad thoughts from thee;
No more thy babe, with parent's joy,
Toss in the air, like feather'd toy,
And catch and clasp him to his breast,
Fit place for shelter and for rest.
Thy heart may break—thy child may sigh—
Thy husband-hero has gone to die!

Weep! Maiden weep! That manly youth, To thee so full of love and truth: Hope of thy hope, joy of thy joy, Whose safe return thy prayers employ! Relentless fate has laid him low, His far-away grave is a wreath of snow!

O War! thou cruel horrid curse, Than which mankind have heir'd none worse, May Heaven command thy reign to cease, And nations all delight in peace.

January 1st, 1855.

## ODE TO A MOUSE IN MY BED-ROOM.

Noisy, little, restless pest, Thou'rt a most unwelcome guest; Why hast thou intruded here, Where thou feels and causes fear?

My sleepless Wife distracted lies, "Oh! my dear," she screaming cries, "There's a mouse below our bed, "Oh! I'm terribly afraid! "Rise, O rise, and try to catch it, "Bring a light, and I will watch it." Hopeless tho' I'm of success, Still my duty's not the less. Up I start—jump from my bed, O'er the room the gas light's shed; Ev'ry crevice quick I search, Thou as quickly steals a march, Tho' with fury I advance, I ne'er of thee can get a glance. Chests of drawers, trunks and chairs, -Tho' they all should need repairs-Hastily are overset, Still no glimpse of thee I get. Every corner I explore, Whirl the carpet from the floor. My little faithful dog I call, Who whining scents the floor and wall; Round and round the room he snorts, Tracing all thy late resorts. Tho' often tried, and tried in vain, Every spot he tries again; No exertion he denies His nimble claws and piercing eyes; And anxiously he wishes with Thy slender bones to whet his teeth.

Yet thou art no where to be seen,
Tho' doubtless ev'ry where has been.
Thy dusky hue—thy rapid leap—
Thy watchful eye—thy noiseless creep—
Unite thy panting form to shield,
And force us the pursuit to yield.
As well we may the fairy watch,
Or strive the whirling crane to catch;
As well to stop the shadow try
Of cloud that flits athwart the sky;
Or snatch within our grasp the breeze
That whistles 'mong the waving trees.
Defeated—vexed—to bed I go,
And bid my Foxy watch below.

1834.

## A FOX-HUNT;

### FROM REAL LIFE IN AYRSHIRE.

Upon my pony t'other day,
Down Irvine's bank I chanc'd to stray,
Gazing on fields completely clear'd
Of ev'ry kind of crop they'd rear'd;
And marking with delighted eye
The shifting scen'ry of the sky,
And fright'ning from their busy nibble,
The feathery gleaners of the stubble.
At length I reach'd that lovely place,
Adorn'd with each arboreal grace—

Craic! where there long sojourn'd together, A sister kind, a tender brother:
The sister lives—the brother's dead,
The poor heap'd blessings on his head;—
Here while I mus'd on bygone days,
And moraliz'd on mankind's ways—
How some have wealth and dread to spend it,
How upon us'ry others lend it;
How some on pleasure mad and vain,
Squander far more than they can gain;—
When, hark! from the furze glen below,
The rousing shout of Tally-ho!

Forth from the cover Reynard sprung, His tract with wide-mouth'd music rung; A score of lords and squires appear, Well mounted, following in the rear.

See Reynard dart across the rill—
See how he climbs the Ha' Barns hill—
See how correctly every hound
Traces his scent along the ground—
And look how fearlessly each man
Clears fence and field as fast's he can.
I join'd the chase—I gain'd the height—
The fox now bends far to the right,
Despising Thornton's shelter nigh,
Resolved the blood and bone to try
Of horse and hound, nor seems to dread
Either their bottom or their speed.

Near Carmel Bank he turns again, And hurries north o'er Busby's plain; Ascends the ridge which overlooks Gar-Reer, the ugliest of brooks. Lord Eglinton now takes his place As noble leader of the chase: See how his fav'rite hunter springs O'er hedge and ditch, as if with wings: Nor slacks his pace, soft ground or hard, Ascends, descends, without regard. Up Thornlie-hill, now down the steep, Some dauntless sportsmen boldly sweep; Alas! but few descend the hollow, Three, only three, the chase dare follow, The sport has now become no jest; A rasping fence detains the rest. The trio quick across Gar-Reer. Pursued their swift envied career: And straight as arrow shot with skill, Scour the demesne of Warwick-hill, And like the orb of day at night, Their red coats sink far out of sight In Warrick-vale. What course to steer Perplexes those behind Gar-Reer: Some scamper west, some scamper east, None dares the country take abreast, And, miles in error soon are found, Enquiring after fox and hound; Though borne by nag of little worth, I kept in view, and mov'd the fourth.

The three bright sportsmen now appear, For Perceton straight their course to steer. The faithful hounds, compact together, Quite close ahead seem leading thither; But on arriving at the height They northward bend, and vanish quite Amidst a range of lofty trees, Where craftv Reynard seeks for ease: No shelter here—off he must budge, And try his luck at Annick Lodge. Across the Irvine road with pride, And down the fields the trio ride; Soon out of view again they sink, And glide adown clear Annick's brink. Emerging from the shady wood, They, plunging, pass the crystal flood, Convinc'd that e're the chase is over, Reynard must reach Eglinton cover, And find relief from all his pain, Within some hospitable drain.

Hope to the fox her aid extended,
And soon his frightful race is ended:
A kind-mouth'd hole he reaches breathless,
Proud, glad, and thankful to be skaithless,
Th' huntsmen's bridles scarce need pulling,
To stop each horse and rider's willing;
And as the trio—my Lord, Bill, Campbell,
Had left their friends by brook and bramble,

They leave poor Reynard where he lay, To give them sport another day.

November, 1839.

## ADDRESS TO AN AYRSHIRE RIVER.

Gogo, thou fierce resistless mountain torrent,
Thy name is still to Norway ears abhorrent;
On the smooth turf which hems thy rugged bed,
My youthful steps and musings oft were led:
Pleasure the body's movements sought and found—
The soul-excited scanned historic ground.

How beautiful, O Gogo, is thy course!
Far up the heath-clad moorland is thy source,
Wimpling 'mong sedges, willows, rocks, and rushes,
Then onward faster thy dark water gushes,
Till o'er the mountain's brow—a giddy height—
Thy dashing waves appear as crystal bright!

Now, what a scene—expansive, rich, sublime— Unequall'd in Italia's gorgeous clime! See ancient Largs still glittering on the beach— See isles on isles as far 's the eye can reach— See Clyde, with arms outspread, embrace the sea, And dolphins (sometimes whales) besport in revelry.

See Arran's lofty range bedeck'd with snow, And waving fields of yellow corn below; Cottages stud, like gems, the peaceful shore,
Safe sheltered from Atlantic's dreadful roar;
See dismal wild Glen Sannox, dark as night,
While yet the sun's meridian rays are bright;
And there stand "Cumbraes," twins by name and
birth,

But ah! how different are their looks and worth! The one, a barren unproductive rock,
Where half-starved rabbits seem the grazier's stock;
The other, every crop which Scotia yields,
Displays in clusters of well manured fields;
Whilst Milport bay a town of beauty shows,
Where social life in high refinement glows.
Bute's rugged hills and lonely dells are there,
Where many an invalid shakes off despair;
And yonder shines great Edmund Kean's abode,
Where oft he found relief from mental load;
While distant far Bencruachan appears,
And great Ben Lomond rising o'er his peers.

But time would fail to name—much more to trace— The wonders of this wide, this glorious space; Return we, then, to thy neglected shore, And ask if history has aught in store?

Gogo, permit me from thy sparkling wave, My aching eyes and glowing brow to lave, That I may see, as thou saw on thy banks, A bloody fight 'twixt hostile, 'vengeful ranks. Full many hundred years are past and gone Since Haco's steel-clad warriors brightly shone On Large's smooth, gravelly beach, and pitched their tent,

On murderous feud, and cruel rapine bent.
Already had success their darings crown'd,
And hasty inroads ample plunder found;
Already had they, in the Bay of Ayr,
With blade and brand spread death and dire despair.

Already had they conquered all they met,—
Now, Gogo, now, their star of hope must set!
See, on the height, upon thy bank arrayed,
The chiefs and clans of Cunninghame displayed;
See with what courage every warrior stares
Down on the foe, who such invasion dares;
And hear the solemn oath these patriots cry,
"By Scotland's God we conquer or we die!"

The sun no ray o'er Mistylaw had cast, When Scotland's trumpet rang the fatal blast; Haco's fierce troops, awaken'd by their scouts, Soon back defiance sent in deaf'ning shouts, And quickly arming, march'd along the plain, Eyeing their mountain foes with proud disdain.

Haco, in front, before his army rode— A gallant grey the warlike monarch strode; Pawing the ground, the charger snorted wild, Fear in his eye, and trembling like a child; Fain would he oft have wheeled and borne away His royal master from portentous fray.

A halt was ordered at the mountain's base-

- "Stand to your arms," cried Haco, "this the place
- "Where, in one hour, that motely host is slain,
- "And their heart's blood bedye this verdant plain;
- " No fun'ral rites, brave warriors, pay the foe,
- "But ev'ry carcass in the river throw;
- " Down to the sea let wave on wave them sweep,
- "Fit food for sharks and monsters of the deep."
  While Echo yet this speech rung o'er thy banks,
  A shower of arrows thinn'd bold Haco's ranks,
  And, swift as mountain deer, adown the steep,

The Scottish heroes on th' invaders leap,

And man to man, with broadsword's thundering stroke,

The foremost ranks in mad confusion broke—Reeling they fall—unable to retreat—Succeeding ranks soon shar'd their gory fate; And long e'er Haco's vaunted hour is o'er, He and his crest-fallen warriors seek the shore, Quickly embark, and push their prows from land, And in "Thor's" name curse Gogo's direful strand.

July 30th, 1851.

### SPRING.

Spring's genial heat again revives the earth, Calls myriad tribes of beings into birth, Rouses the latent life of plants and grains, And with an emerald robe adorns the plains.

See how the Farmer, with the twilight gray, Briskly begins the labours of the day: With swinging flail the pearly oat-sheaves thrash, Or stook by stook with pond'rous engine smash. Quickly and clean the corn is in the sack, While fragrant straw fills cow and horse's rack. This done, the smoking breakfast loads the table, When each devours as much as he is able. Porridge—(that dish divine, as Germans say,)— At farmer's breakfast always leads the way; Then ham, well season'd, or an herring salt, With mashlam scone, and milk instead of malt: Far better food for Scotia's climate cold. Than Indian spices—worth their weight in gold. Next, to the plough the youths their horses chain, And eager strive as if a crown to gain; For he who can in this first art excel, Shall hear admiring crowds his praises tell. The dinner hour arrives, when home they hie-No turtle-soup, white-bait, nor apple-pie Awaits-but rich substantial kail, Where great sirloin has wallow'd like a whale

'Midst boiling foam, for two long hours at least, And now cut up supplies a glorious feast. With nags well corn'd, the youths again repair, To turn the soil with unabating care; Whistling along, more happy in their toil Than conq'ring warriors o'er an empire's spoil. With setting sun all out-door labours close, When man and beast take supper—and repose.

With Solomon's old proverbs I agree,
Although in some of them defects I see:
He says all men toil solely for their meat,
And yet not satisfied with all they eat.
"For clothes they labour too," he might have said,
As clothes ne'er jump on mankind ready made.

Now, I contend that those who raise our food, Should dress in garments elegant and good; On holidays appear as gay as those Who manufacture, sell, or make the clothes: A good advice I give, and hope will guide them—Within my Warehouse cheaply you'll provide them.

April 12, 1848.

## MENTAL RAMBLE.

FAR back to Time's beginning let the soul Trace intermediate Ages as they roll; On wing immortal hover o'er the place Where liv'd and flourish'd long some noble race. Mark first who doth at present represent
This family of most antique descent;
Next note his sire,—his grandsire next,—and so
Backward and backward to their first sire go;
Then range them in their real existence all
Upon the lawn, or in the Castle hall:
Compare the lineaments of form and face—
The speech—the dress—behaviour of the race;
Strangely—perhaps ridiculously—contrast
What now exists, with what is long, long past,
What polish'd language and what manners
grand

Distinguish all the Juniors of the band! The Older members rough and rougher grow Till savage frowns supplant the noble brow.

The hist'ry, too, of each is fully told;

There, stands a tyrant, crafty, grim and bold;

There, an expansive-hearted, generous man

Who does to mankind all the good he can;

There, a brave Chieftain who his flag unfurl'd

For Scotland's rights against an hostile world;

There, a bright Patriot, who Religion's rights

Esteems, defends, and for her freedom fights;

There, he whose Sov'reign can entrust afar

As Viceroy;—wise in Peace, and stern in War,

Who easily an hundred million souls

Rules, and their Empire's destiny controls;

There stands a Statesman, who in deep debate

Argues for Peace or War to save the State,

Guides Noble Lords, who frame the Nation's laws, By ardent counsellings in Freedom's cause; At home, behold him on his fiery steed Dash with th' exciting chase o'er hill and mead;—Mix'd with the motley crowd on icebound lake, Their manly sports and frantic joys partake; All needed kindness generously grant, Promote industry, and preserve from want;—Whate'er it be that happier makes mankind Will in his heart and hand a Patron find.

Thus at a glance the mind from age to age Pourtrays the passing actors on Life's stage— Proves to the world that Wisdom, Worth, and Spirit,

Praise, Gratitude, and Admiration merit.

July 16, 1844.

# RAMBLE ON DUNDONALD HILL.

Upon thy lofty ridge, Dundonald, I
Near and far distant scenes with rapture spy:
Mine eyes with ecstasy look west, north, east,
And south—enjoying a delicious feast.
But who can Nature paint in charms so true,
As those she presses on th' impassion'd view?
Who can depict, by pencil or by word,
What beauty and sublimity afford?

Who catch these tints, unnumbered in their hues, Intricate—mingling—delicate—diffuse?

Thine is the rampart whence afar is seen Arran's wild peaks, and slopes of verdant green; Jura's twin breasts—Argyle's out-stretching rocks, Defending Clyde from fierce Atlantic's shocks; Ailsa, the sentinel who signals home The toil-worn sailor from his ocean roam: Carrick's high-terrac'd front o'erhanging Clyde, The natal home of Bruce—still Scotland's pride; And westward far, beyond Portpatrick's roar. Erin's deep bay-indented level shore. Nearer, responsive to my prying stare Up start the towers and spires of beauteous Ayr-Ayr! lovely mistress of the Western coast, The haunt of lawyers and the Poet's boast, Ancient as time when Roman legions strode O'er ev'ry land where mankind had abode.

Thy haven, youthful Troon, lies at my feet;
Year after year fast multiplies thy fleet,
And ere an age elapses, on thy strand
There doubtless will a well-built city stand,
Irvine—fair Irvine—tho' of ancient date,
Freshly thy vigour has revived of late;
Thy streets with splendid mansions now abound,
While villas elegant thy walls surround.
Kilwinning—mother lodge of mystic ties—
With single turret now thou brav'st the skies,

Peaceful and happy as in days long past, When thy seven pompous towers defied the blast.

But sweet Dundonald! lonely, lovely nook!
Shall I thy dear enchantments overlook?
Modest and quiet, 'neath thy mountain's shade
(Like tender damsel in her chieftain's plaid),
Thy sloping street and pretty gardens lie,
Admir'd and praised by ev'ry passer by,
Thy zeal's bright flame thy churches well attest,
And handsome tombstones speak of saints at rest!
Thy ruin'd Castle also tells a story
Of royal grandeur and departed glory.

Like burnish'd gold Clyde's rolling waters shine, And curling waves around her islands twine: Yon gallant ships, with breeze-distended sails, Lean to an fro to catch the fav'ring gales; The wind propels them, and without the wind No profitable mart or port they'll find. But mark the steamer's foaming, smoky course, No wind repels—no tide retards her course, With steady aim the pilot points the way, And power resistless cleaves the sparkling spray.

May 15, 1849.

## RESUMED DUNDONALD RAMBLE.

Dundonald, thine extensive mountain range Gives richer views—(tho' this seems somewhat strange)

Than any mountain, hill, or rock on Clyde, Whether upon the east or western side. Goatfell may say, and say with justice too—

- "Dundonald! must I be compared with you?
- "Why? Dwarf, I'm taller by two thousand feet
- "Than any knob upon thy Dutch-built seat;
- "Trifles may catch and please thy glimm'ring eye
- "Like soaring eagle I look from the sky."
- "Yes, haggard Goatfell," might Dundonald say,
- "Thy Highland pride may bluster in this way—
- "True-thou art tall and with thy piercing eye
- "May giants like thyself unnumber'd spy;
- "Yes, like thyself in poverty and pride,
- " And like thee, too—far better hills deride.
- "Though low in stature when compar'd with thee,
- "Much, thou can't notice, I can clearly see;
- "Wealth near me, circl'd within twenty miles
- "Full well worth thee and all thy sister Isles."

'Round thee, Dundonald, stretch luxuriant plains Alive with flocks, and stor'd with waving grains, Beneath the surface coals in mines abound Which busy ships convey the world all round, Enriching fast the owners of the soil
And yielding plenty to the miners' toil.
See at thy side and far along the coast
A railway length'ning till in distance lost;
Hundreds of miles, north, east, and south it wends
And quick as light'ning to our wants attends.

In yonder vale where muddy smoke appears, There stands Kilmarnock—famed a thousand years, Unmatched for holy priests in days of yore, Who self-inflicted penance calmly bore, Now unsurpass'd for priests who dare maintain The wholesome truth—that godliness is gain! And while with zeal support this precious creed Make scoffers whisper-" godliness is greed!" But leaving priests to press their fav'rite theme. What else is there that gives Kilmarnock fame? There Genius with his ardent, active brain. Invents, improves, impels the means of gain, Combines with ease, brass, iron, water, fire, And makes them do whatever men desire! There skilful workmen tastefully display Their art on wool, and spread the Carpet gay; With wond'rous loom the silk worms' nests combine.

And forth the Damask's brilliant colours shine; With chymic science mix the radiant rays
Till the De Laine its rainbow shades displays.
There implements of ev'ry kind are made
For agriculture, and for humbler trade;

There ev'ry tree, and shrub, and flower is found To deck the pattern and adorn the ground; There stands the telescope with heav'nly gaze, (From starry regions bringing Morton praise), To raise man's mind from little things to great, And give a foretaste of a future state; To prove Creation's works are numberless, And must afford eternal scenes of bliss! There honor'd Shaw in marble statue stands The friend of Ayrshire's sons in distant lands; There magic Artists arm'd with Sovereign will Give life to canvass, with creative skill; There also Poets warble forth their lays And sing our lovely Queen Victoria's praise.

And there rich merchandize of every kind
In vast abundance Ayrshire people find;
The Epicure may there obtain supplies
To glut his app'tite and delight his eyes;
There in a word may ev'ry human want
From ample stores obtain a lib'ral grant;
And there, too, all who Clothing may require
Will in my Warehouse have their heart's desire.

May 30th, 1849.

## ODE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

GREAT Mistress of the British Isles,
Old Scotland welcomes thee with smiles,
Joy dances o'er our hills and dales
Whene'er thy fleet displays her sails,
And wheresoe'er thy foot may tread
Safe rests the Crown upon thy head.
The great, the small, the grave, the gay,
Alike their loyalty display;
A loyalty which love has warm'd,
A loyalty Thy life has "charm'd,"
A loyalty sustains Thy throne
When all around are tott'ring down;
A loyalty whose aspirations
Preserve thee Queen o'er many nations!

Victoria, list! an humble Bard Solicits Thy benign regard, Whilst he a wish in artless strain Whispers—and Ayrshire adds, Amen!

Thou now hast seen Edina's towers, And wander'd 'midst Dalkeith's proud bowers, Surveyed the shores of swelling Forth, And climbed the mountains of the North: With Albert brav'd the tangl'd brake, And skimm'd the deep, dark, Alpine lake;

The frightful glen's abyss descended. On giddy crag thy fate suspended. Far in the wilds where timid deer On man's approach their antler's rear, And bounding reckless haste to shun The death-knell of relentless gun, Hast thou beheld thine Albert's toil, And cheer'd his triumphs with thy smile: Nor was the clansman's rustic game, By which he now ascends to fame, Beneath thy Royal observation, But won thy cordial approbation: And well might Royalty employ A day for sports to man and boy; Sports which inspire and nurse the valour Of British soldier and of sailor: Sports when (if e'er) they're cast aside. Britain shall sink like ebbing tide!

My Wish then is, O gracious Queen, Since Thou and Thine these sights have seen, Safe o'er the boist'rous ocean's foam, May guardian angels steer you home; There to repose through winter drear, And sip the joy of social cheer. And when again inclin'd to roam, And leave thy splendid palace home, Ayrshire invites thee to her shades, Her swelling knolls, and grassy glades,

Her Carrick, Cuninghame, and Kyle, Her matchless Bridge of Ballochmyle, Her rivers, brooks-Doon's banks and braes, Where Burns enjoy'd his youthful days; And, where he barely earn'd his bread A rich memorial rears its head. Proclaiming-" Scotia's Poets thrive " Far better dead-than when alive !" Bruce, too, this county once adorn'd. And Wallace, whom all Scotland mourn'd, And many a sainted one liv'd here Whom Scotia's sons shall long revere. Montgomerie's noble race renown'd In all its glory still is found, And in their Castl'd-Palace dome Thou'lt find a gen'rous, loyal home, But-all from Peer to Peasant-shall Thee welcome warm to Bower and Hall.

No steel-clad guards thou needest here, In Ayrshire there's no foe to fear; And whilst among us thou shalt stay We all shall dress in garments gay— And nought but happiness be seen, And music heard—"God save the Queen."

September~12, 1848.

### TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

This is an age of opposition;
Be what you may—in what position,
Fell Envy's ee's on your condition
To wish it waur,
And downward dash to dark perdition
Ilk shining star.

The weel-us'd Beggar has his foes,
The weel-lik'd Peer's taen by the nose,
The favourite Nag aft gets a dose
To check his speed,
Our lovely Queen, I scarce suppose,
Has nane to dread.

Lang hae I opposition kent,

Lang Envy's shafts hae fierce been sent,
And tho' they maistly reach'd me spent,

Yet now and then

The jag o' ane, to sma' extent

Whyles gied me pain.

Now I'm convinced ayont debate,
These ills are wisely sent by fate,
To keep me cautious, ear and late
Always to study,
To sell Best Clothes, at cheapest rate,
To ev'ry body.

July 17, 1848.

## AN HUMBLE PRAYER.

When feckless man's afflicted sair,
He aften vents his grief in prayer,
And though nae answer, less or mair,
Should e'er arrive,
Wi' conscience sooth'd and eas'd o' care,
He hopes to thrive.

The Patriot feels his country's woes—
Averts her ills—repels her foes—
Even cheers her in the death-like throes
Free Trade has brought,
And thankfu' feels when fortune flows,
Wi' blessings sought.

But what can praying do for them
Who ruin wud their vera hame,
And for sic madness feel nae shame
Nor inward grievin';
A' but themsel's can see their blame
An' self-deceivin'.

Just think, O think, ye beauteous Eves!

Wha drill men's hearts like millers' sieves,

Angelic forms, wi' snaw-white nieves,

And gowd-filled purses,

Wha tempt ye aff 'mang Lunnan thieves,

Deserve our curses.

Far aff fowls hae ('tis said) fair feathers;
But this and mony a proverb's blethers;
The ev'n down truth aye stauns a' weathers;
And this I'll say,
Nae lisping Cockney Mercer gathers
What I display.

But egotism, I declare,
Has made me maist forget my prayer,
To speaking eyes and features fair,
Where virtues reign;
I'll show you Silks baith rich and rare—
They'll staun their lane.

Ye high-born Brides in search o' braws,
Wha think we Scotch keep naught but sma's,
Just mak' ae choice within my wa's
To cleed your backs,
Then be ye Misses or Mammas
Ye'll grace Almacks!

Ye Lords and Knights wha's weel tauld rent
Should ne'er aff Scotia's soil be spent,
I'll prove you'll save full cent. per cent.,
By coming here;
In Lunnan better ne'er was kent
For leuk and wear!

A' ye wha hunt the wily tod, Or pussy chase on smoother sod, Or wi' the pointer tak' the road;
In Green or Pink,
Just let me *rig* you, 'twill be odd
If ye're sma' drink!

Ye through the warld that doucely gang,
Preferring deeds to pious slang,
Bid me sned down a wab that's lang,
O' Sax'ny black,
Rain, sleet, nor snaw can never wrang,
Nor sunshine crack.

Richly the mead's refresh'd wi' rain,
Luxuriant waves the gowden grain,
Ance mair the Farmers count their gain,
Nor famine fear;
Surely they'll cleed ilk wife and wean,
In style this year.

Ye Lasses wha hae lads enow,
And ken some anes among them true,
Weel buskit, ye'll them catch—though few
Your ither graces!
A note weel war't wad soon save you
Frae seeking "places."

And now my Friends—baith great and sma, Rich, puir, young, auld—tho' bleer't or braw, I hereby pledge to cleed you a'
In triggest fashion,
And hope, and pray, while breath I draw,
Ye'll ne'er put trash on.

August 7, 1848.

## ODE TO THE SHOWER.

Long look'd for shower, thou'rt come at last, And come, too, with a western blast, And come, too, when thou welcom'd art By many a thankful, throbbing heart!

The pasture on the hills was failing,
The flocks the dried up rills were wailing,
The moorcock scarce could get a drop
To moist the heather in his crop;
The peasweep and long-nebb'd curlew
Could catch no worms amongst the dew,
But forc'd were morn and e'en to soar,
And fish for shrimps upon the shore.

The ditches, oft a good supply
Of drink to kine, were now run dry,
And milk-maids and plough-boys by turns
Made up the loss from wells and burns,
And panting under stoup and cog
Wish'd half of ev'ry field a bog.
The corn with sallow stunted leaf,
Threaten'd a dwarf and headless sheaf;

And many a rich, well-manur'd field Would ne'er a single turnip yield, Had not thy nursing moisture fallen And ling'ring seeds reviv'd and swollen.

Now drills that late were hard as brick; With strong, green braird are cover'd thick. Wheat, corn, and beans, look fresh and gay While deeply waves the length'ning hay, And last—not least—potatoes seem Their long-lost vigour to redeem.

Shower—well may Ayrshire folk unite To hail thy coming with delight!

June 25, 1849.

## ODE TO THE SUN.

REFULGENT Orb, whose vivifying rays
Six thousand years have drawn forth mankind's praise;

Kind Nature bade thee on his works divine, Day after day, with ceaseless glory shine: And such pre-eminence was well thy due For thou'rt his greatest orb, and brightest too! When first thou look'd upon our gloomy earth, Ere man, or living-being, yet had birth—
A hopeless, miry mass—all round and round—
No gurgling fountain and no solid ground,—
No lofty mountain,—no wild dashing sea,
No flowery lawn, and no luxuriant tree,—
To thee it seem'd a dreary, useless waste
No pleasure there—and no one there to taste!
But soon the water from the soil was drawn
And flowing tides surround the fertile lawn,—
And thine Almighty, skilful Architect,
Our Globe with trees, and plants, and flowers bedeck'd.

Then living creatures He with wondrous care Form'd to enjoy the water, land, and air; And lastly, Man, o'er all things to preside, To taste, select, enjoy, control, and guide. Since then—what wonders on this spot befel, Clearly thou saw'st—and plainly thou might'st tell,—

But story this—conceal'd from human sight Till mortals reach the source of all thy light.

Thy bless'd career around this orb has rais'd Thee more than thy Creator to be prais'd, And men thy friendship sought, thy malice fear'd, And as a god unto thee temples rear'd; With victim's gore and solemn rites appeas'd Thy dreaded ire—and guilty terrors eas'd!

Whene'er thy rays the eastern sky illum'd With incense sweet thine altars were perfum'd, And crafty priests in Heathen nations still Support thy worship and expound thy will. Not so in Britain; happily we know Whence all thy attributes and glory flow! And whilst with glowing gratitude we speak Of moist'ning showers, we rip'ning radiance seek, And though the rain has mellow'd ev'ry field No treasures rich without thy smile they'll yield. Of late thou hast, profusely, kindness shown, Which waving corn, and wheat, and barley own; And swelling roots, and rip'ning fruits have shar'd The timely glow of thy benign regard. Shine on us thus, till harvest's weeks are o'er, And then we'll thank thee—though we sha'nt adore.

July 17th, 1849.

# RESPECTFUL ADMONITION,

AGAINST ATTENDING M'WHEELAN'S EXECUTION FOR MURDER,

METHINKS I hear from Ayr's dark prison hold,
A solemn sound of anguish half suppress'd:
It comes from him who erst in murder bold,
Is now by horror and despair oppressed!
Nor does his aching head that finds no rest—
While anxious care has worn his visage pale—
Nor fitful starts and heavings of his breast,

Nor piteous murmurs for repose avail;
O'er all his thoughts the gallows and the gaping
crowd prevail!

Oh! why will man and woman jocund go
To glut their eyes upon the parting pangs,
And keenly watch the latest quivering throe,
Of strangl'd wretch who in yon halter hangs?
Tis right he should escape not Justice's fangs,
'Tis right (perhaps) he life for life should pay,
'Tis right in guilty ears the thund'ring clangs
Of violated law, should fiercely say,
"Thy crime shall have its full reward on some dread future day."

But, is the load of guilt upon his soul

Too light to force true penitential tears?

And does his awful sentence not control

His mental wand'rings from the fate he fears?

Nay;—Try to fancy how his victim rears

His ghastly form, besmeared with glotted gore;

And in a vengeful attitude appears,

With direful looks, and fiendish yell and roar!

Forcing a cold and clammy sweat to gush from every pore!

Then why, O why increase the culprit's pain,
By staring at the torments he endures?
Tell me, O tell me what your hearts may gain
By wandering where a scene so sad allures?

Much your attendance certainly insures;—
'Twill steel your sympathy for human woe;
'Twill cool compassion where alone it cures,
And train your spirits to the realms below—
The doom'd abode of all who will not mercy show!

October 10, 1848.

#### FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE YEAR 1848.

Thou monstrous year of Revolutions, Rev'lling 'mongst kings and constitutions, Driving to exile monarchs great Who never dreamt of such a fate. The lowly serf to rule thou'st raised-The greatest, wisest, best, debased; Turned topsy-turvy all opinions, And ravaged e'en the Pope's dominions, And made Heaven's Vicar-General run In footman's garb his foes to shun, And in his exile dread the doom Which long has lingered over Rome! But "ill he fares who has no hope," Not so His Holiness the Pope; He hopes and prays that Paul and Peter May grant him back his crown and mitre, His rebel flocks bend to subjection, And keep them quiet in his protection. The Apostles, doubtless, hear his pray'rs, And soon dispel must all his cares.

Though Europe's prostrate 'neath thy stroke, Britain stands firm upon her rock:

On Britain thou thy vengeance tried—
Britons thy strength and skill defied;
Traitors within, and foes without,
Along with thee were put to route.

As thine own exit's drawing nigh, Shall any heave for thee a sigh? How many thousands sadly mourn The friends whom thou hast from them torn? Slain by intestine strifes and feuds-By war destroyed in multitudes; Whilst Chol'ra join'd the freightful train That added victims to thy reign! All ranks of mankind have thee curst, As of all years they've seen, the worst. Yet there is one will bless the day When thou commenced thy wayward sway; Smiling he saw thy furious bands Haste to fulfil thy dire commands, To kill-destroy-deface-to spoil The glories of a monarch's toil; Burn in one mass, throne, sceptre, laws, To further holy Freedom's cause! Oust root and branch a dynasty Which curbed usurpers such as he!! Pav'd wide a smooth road to a throne For-PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON!!!

Yes, thou hast raised him high, but shall Thy first-born not pronounce his fall? And now old crusty Year—farewell! Soon—soon I'll hear thy fun'ral knell. With joy thine heir shall welcom'd be, By all the world as well as—me.

Dec. 26, 1848.

#### BIRTH-DAY SONG IN HONOUR OF BURNS.

(Tune-The Laird o' Cockpen.)

The langer I leeve, the mair I like Burns— The langer I leeve, mair honour gie Burns; His poems and sangs hae sic comical turns, Every ither guffaw mak's me fonder o' Burns.

I ne'er lift his beuk but I fin' something new, Or something weel kent in a rare sparkling view; For whether in saul he rejoices or mourns, There is bright inspiration aye flashing frae Burns.

On his Halloween cantrips I leuk wi' great glee, His dolefu' laments bring the tear to my e'e, My breast swells wi' joy when a' meanness he spurns, Wha wadna admire the prood spirit o' Burns?

When Bruce rallies Scotland in Liberty's cause, Whaur—whaur is the coward ae moment wad pause, Like a lion our nation its enemies scorns, Every Scot turns a hero when rous'd up by Burns. I pity the mousie turned up wi' his plough, I smile at the louse climbing Jenny's deck'd brow, My heart bleeds wi' his, o'er lost frien's in their urns, But far maist for Mary, wha dear was to Burns.

Wi' bold Tam o' Shanter I aft canter hame, Wi' jolly Tam Samson bring down the wing'd game, Safely stray wi' auld Nick when on earth he sojourns, And for a' this grand sport hae to thank Robin Burns.

Come then let's a' join in honouring Burns, Let us list to nae slander that's whisper'd o' Burns; And let Scotsmen as aft as his birth-day returns. Coup aff a deep bumper in honour o' Burns.

Jan. 25, 1849.

## SPRING.

Nature's Great Parent, whom all orbs obey,
Has bade our Earth her northern tempests stay,
The frosty wind to melt in balmy air,
The wither'd buds t' expand in blossoms fair,
The heaving Ocean's fiercest foaming waves
Gently to glide o'er Winter's victims' graves;
Bids the return of genial warmth excite
The feather'd tribes to innocent delight—
Their nests with nicest skill and care to build,
Their eggs to hatch, their brood to nurse and shield;
Commands the grass to clothe our hills and dales—
The grass obeys—and verdant Spring prevails.

The Sun refulgent, with creative heat
Calls insect myriads from their dark retreat,
Tells them with brilliant wing and bright attire
From muddy cells to ærial heights aspire;
Awakes from Winter's dull repose the Bee
To cull the sweets of ev'ry plant and tree,
The luscious food in waxen cups prepare
'Gainst coming want, with more than miser care.

See how the pastur'd flocks and herds increase, When Winter flies and Spring resumes his place! How man himself begins his annual toil With vigorous arm to break the sullen soil, Wide scattering on it what he hopes to see Restored—tenfold at least—by Autumn be! Whilst Earth, Air, Water, full of love and joy, Combining, all their vital powers employ To swell, and sweeten mankind's happiness, And raise them higher in the scale of bliss!

Whose heart can beat and feel no gratitude
For such displays of universal good?
Up to the Giver let all praise ascend,
Through seasons, years, and cycles without end.

March 20, 1849.

#### ODE TO THE QUEEN.

Monarch serene! whose mild yet potent sway All Scotsmen own, and cheerfully obey; Millions of Saxons too with homage bend Before thy sceptre—love thee as their friend! Wide as the world, illustrious is thy fame— Even savage nations laud Victoria's name But sadly beats my heart's blood when I hear That dastard ruffian's shot has stunned thine ear; That whilst enjoying by thy children's side, The gladd'ning pleasures of an ev'ning ride, Amidst the throng who congregate to see The Royal train, a trait'rous wretch should be, Who wantonly insults an Empire's pride, And does with hellish freak its loyalty deride!

But while with deepest grief mine eye-lids swell, I glory no such fiends in Scotland dwell. Your Majesty might live a thousand years In Caledonia, undisturb'd by fears! Yes! every man and woman north of Tweed Would for their Queen and nation's honour bleed And, while they curse the cause of thine alarm, Pray Heaven's strong arm to shelter thee from harm And though all Europe's thrones have shaken been, Thine stands in faithful hearts: God Save the Queen!

May 23, 1849.

#### GRATEFUL ADDRESS TO MISS T-,

FOR HER SEASONABLE GIFT OF A PAIR OF STOCKINGS, KNITTED BY HER OWN HANDS.

GREAT was my gratitude when I
At first your stockings on did try;
Perhaps I then should giv'n you thanks
For such warm coverings to my shanks.
Not by ingratitude deterr'd
Have I that pleasant task deferr'd,
But simply that experience might
Extend my feeling of delight,
And spread o'er all my frame the glow
Which first was felt by ev'ry toe;
And till my fingers caught the flame
And to my pen convey'd the same.

My heart with warmest thanks expands To your industrious, nimble hands, Which, guided by your friendly heart, Display'd so well the Knitting art, Producing such a pair of hose—
For warmth to feet, to legs, to toes—
That out of Scots or English store
1 ne'er got such a pair before.

Now, having given my thanks expression, I hope you'll pardon a digression:

A wish I have which must be out, And yet it lingers long in doubt; 'Tis that your numerous virtues may In all their modest, quiet array, Soon gain a Heart, a Hand, a Home, From which you'll never wish to roam.

May 14, 1835.

## GRIEF UNDISGUISED.

#### A FAMILY PIECE.

I saw a tear start from fair Isa's eye,
It seem'd to be the offspring of despair,
'Twas follow'd by a deep convulsive sigh—
"Alas!" she scream'd, "I've lost my fav'rite pear!"

- " Alone upon the verdant tree it hung,
  "I mark'd it ere the bud its bloom disclos'd,
- " All kindred blossoms died while they were young, "On this alone my anxious hopes repos'd.
- "I watch'd its growth, and often fear'd the frost "Would stop the tender swellings of its breast,
- "And more than once I thought the thing was lost "While it had shrunk behind a leaf to rest.
- " Sweet, modest, little lovely Jargonelle!

  "Alternate shade and sunshine it esteem'd,
- "And it had grown, and grown till like a bell "Of goodly size just yesterday it seem'd.
- " And I had happy prospects that, ere long,
  "Ripe, rich, and kindly in my lap 'twould drop,

- "And furnish luscious treat to old and young—
  "Such my desire, and such my fondest hope.
- " Now gone it is! and who has done the deed?

  "I've sad suspicions, but yet dread them true,
- "Some one who has for pears insatiate greed,
  "Therefore I must conclude 'twas little Hugh!"
- O Fate! what power can thy decrees reverse?
  Great orbs as well as small shrink at thy frown;
  A comet,\* which astounds a universe,
  Sinks at thy bidding as a pear falls down.

Autumn, 1835.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

Well has the sun his bounteous task fulfilled,
And ripening wheat and corn our ridges gild,
Beans tall and growthy—wondrous fresh and strong,
With pods fast filling—numerous, broad and long;
Potatoes o'er extensive tracts are found
In all directions—heaving up the ground,
Their swelling roots, from all disease secure,
Must amply yield supplies for rich and poor.
The turnips, too—where'er the seed was sown—
Have rapidly and vigorously grown;
Nor, as an old spectator, can I tell,
When I have seen the crop look half so well.

\* The alarming Comet of 1835.

Even carrots—fickle in our clime and soil—In Autumn shall reward the Farmers' toil; And though the hay be safe from blast and flood, Still on the pasture cows have ample food. The dairy-pail keeps churn and cheeset going, And Glasgow with rich milk and cream o'erflowing (Glasgow resembling Babylon of old, Where thousands worship nothing else but gold! And where insatiate Jews, with greedy aim, On hirelings' harps their merchandise proclaim). Thus, blessed with plenty, and enjoying peace, Our grateful aspirations ne'er should cease.

Now let me hope that warmth and drowth may last, And health remain till harvest toils are past; Abundance in your barns and garners be, And mutual friendship reign o'er you and me.

And when it happens that you Clothing need, You'll find my charges unalloy'd with greed— That all I sell shall be at mod'rate price, With choice unbounded—new, rich, stylish, nice.

And should you wish to join the loyal host Who welcome Great VICTORIA to our coast, Let none from Ayrshire there in rags be seen, But gayly clad, to sing, God Save the Queen!

August 7th, 1849.

#### ODE TO AUTUMN.

COME, gladsome Autumn, with thy tresses fair, Grant the long hoped-for fruits of anxious care— Give the reward that industry deserves— Secure the food which man and beast preserves; Let joy diffuse its charms o'er ev'ry face, And plenty wipe off Famine's rueful trace.

Now rip'ning fields, and fields already shorn,
And fields from which the golden grain is borne,
Well classifi'd, from coast to upland lie,
With varied aspect, pleasing to the eye.
Still here and there some mould'ring hay ricks stand
(Disgraceful to the farmer and his land),
And lab'ring waggons through the miry roads,
Toil to the turnpike with their town-bound loads;
Yet sweeter scented, and of brighter green—
The hay this season—than I've ever seen.

Ye Reapers, quick your glitt'ring hooks prepare—Rub off the rust—make sharp with skill and care; With ready step obey the morning call, And hasten with the farmer to his hall, Where cheerful throng awaits, and where you'll find, Of men or women, partners to your mind; Willing to join in social, mutual strife—To lengthen, not to shorten, human life.

Ah! How your little mimic warlike bands, Remind me of fell feuds in foreign lands! Behold the Austrian on the Magyar plain,
Insatiate still, with tens of thousands slain!
All—all shall by his fell sword be cut down,
Or Hung'ry must a tyrant's edicts own!
So, you will ne'er be satisfied till all
The ripen'd corn beneath your sickles fall.
But whilst in better cause than Austrian foe,
You with the weapon deal the deadly blow,
Wield every stroke with "caution and good heed,"
Lest, Austrian-like, ye for your folly bleed.

How blest with peace and happiness our Isle Where Art and Science well-rewarded smile—Where mental stores are gather'd and diffus'd—The path to glory trode but not abus'd; Where he who can the people's good promote, Increase their comforts—ease the wretched's lot—Open to labour cheering views of wealth, Enforce pure morals, shield the public health; Shall, while he lives, be hail'd with loud acclaim, And Britons, when he dies, embalm his name: Such patriots, greater, better, happier far Than they who bloody laurels reap in war. Amongst such patriots I could wish to claim, The usefulness, without the empty fame.

August 22, 1849.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

Selfishness is a term generally, but erroneously, held in detestation; for it is a principle which, when properly understood and acted upon, tends directly to promote individual and universal happiness. Happiness is the aim of all human beings, but happiness cannot be enjoyed, extended, or continued, without the full development of the true selfish principle. Selfishness grasps not only at the gratification of all the sensual appetites, but also at the loftier enjoyments which flow from the unfettered exercise of all the moral and intellectual faculties. A truly good man wishes to obtain and secure for himself all that renders life desirable; but he never encroaches upon the interests or comforts of others. A truly good man wishes every human being to be as happy and as comfortable as himself, but he will vigorously oppose the diminution or destruction of the sources of his own enjoyments. Selfishness, too, is the fundamental principle of all that is, or ever can be, worth the name of socialism amongst mankind. Selfishness, moreover, is the only firm basis upon which all that is great, glorious, and enduring in the world can be founded. Every one may be, to some extent (I am persuaded), the benefactor of his species, although many suppose that self-denial or self-sacrifice is the very essence of true benevolence. He who exerts all his talents, however humble, honestly and honourably to promote his own happiness, is as really a benefactor to the rest of the human family as he who scatters thousands of pounds to charitable purposes.

Sept. 19, 1849.

## A HINT TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, have produced once more Luxuriant crops and fruits for Winter's store; And now the fields are swept of ev'ry sheaf, And nipping frosts are with'ring ev'ry leaf.

Alternate shower and sunshine—frost and thaw—Now ev'n and morn their curtains closer draw—Redbreasts approach, and with confiding eye Gaze on their friends, who shelter ne'er deny—In crowds the buzzing insects helpless crawl, Which spiders seizing, to their larders haul, Thence (gorg'd to excess) seek a dark retreat, To sleep and dream till Spring's returning heat. These and ten thousand other creatures tell Of coming winter—for they know it well—By instinct guided, do the best they can, And weather Winter just as well as man.

Man boasts of Reason—and 'tis right he should, Yet often errs, preferring ill to good.

What myriads to you Golden Regions haste, Regardless of the pestilential waste!

Regardless of the dangers of the sea!
Regardless of kind-soul'd society!
Heedless alike of present pain and joy!
Bright golden dreams their ardent souls employ!
"From California when they safe come back,
No earthly comforts e'er again shall lack."

To reason thus is ill, but not so bad
As they who will not by their wealth be clad;
Who hoard their treasure for some distant day,
And never look respectable or gay;
Whose shiv'ring frames for warmest Clothing sigh,
And aching limbs respond with plaintive cry;
Yet, gold-encas'd, their hearts no pity feel,
And even from "Self" their sympathies conceal!

October 24, 1849.

#### ATTRACTION.

'Trs marv'llous how the human mind can trace Millions of rolling worlds in boundless space; Clearly define their orbits, size, and weight, And how the small attend and serve the great! How all combine in one harmonious whole, While each moves on its independent pole! No jarring interests ever interfere To interrupt their glorious career: And thus the universe is filled with light, Order unvarying, and refulgence bright.

Something resembling this on earth is seen,
When highest nobles bend to Britain's Queen;
And when each noble in his own sphere
Has knights and squires who honour and revere:
Each knight and squire, too, finds a circling host
Attracted by him—who his friendship boast;
And downward in the scale of ranks we find
A magnate midst the meanest of mankind;
The waggish beggar everywhere commands
Applause along with alms from bounteous hands.

Attraction plainly constitutes the force Which guides all suns and systems in their course, Impels and rules mankind in all they do, And wisely well I trust direct you too.

November 28, 1849.

# DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

Time onward runs in his unchecked career, And soon will finish this eventful Year; A year that witness'd many a nation's woes, But leaves, thank Heaven, Britannia in repose.

#### ODE TO 1849.

O Eighteen-Forty-Nine, thy short career Was filled from first to last with hope and fear; Pale Pestilence, with baneful speed, o'er-ran Our great Metropolis when thy reign began. Week after week his thousands slew with ease—
No power could stop, no sacrifice could please;
Like ruthless tyrant, men of humble state
In myriads crush'd, nor did he spare the great;
Forth o'er the land he stalk'd with wrathful stride,
And seem'd a scourge to humble Britain's pride;
Towns, cities, villages, and hamlets felt,
In anguish bitter, every blow he dealt.
At length, when his commission'd work was o'er,
Smil'd at our tears, and sought another shore.

Calamities we mourn, at crimes we blush:
Who shudders not at Mannings or at Rush?
Ah, surely, ne'er did thy ancestors see
Such cruel murderers as these wretched three!
They're gone, and have their last confession given;
Mercy, we hope, their spirits share in heaven.

Hudson! great railway king, thou hast dethron'd! He, too, for guilt has trembl'd and aton'd; Pity we may, but pardon him we can't—For why? He brings his subjects all to want. He was their idol—and for ever shall Idolaters with their gilt idols fall.

Far different scenes and deeds thou cans't attest: Our Queen, of Monarchs lov'd, and honour'd best, To visit restless Erin kindly deign'd, And there her dignity and rights maintain'd. Leaving that doubtful country, she once more Sought health and vigour on old Scotia's shore; And found 'midst Alpine hills sublime repose, Which none but Nature's ardent lover knows.

Thy closing month has seal'd Queen Ad'laide's eyes, And sent her gentle spirit to the skies; A throne she filled with splendour and with grace, And leaves a Palace for a happier place; Good she was, doubtless, though absurdly prais'd—She render'd back just what taxation rais'd; Yet better far devote to bounteous ends, Than squander all upon her German friends.

Now fare-thee-well, for "best of friends must part;"
Thy kindness ever shall affect my heart,
Thy reign confirms my happiness and health,
And plenty too—tho' slowly swells my wealth:
Rich in contentment and confiding friends,
I sip the joys which bounteous Heaven sends;
Envy has no apartment in my breast,
A neighbour's success ne'er disturbs my rest;
All I wish happy—all I wish to see
Have meat, drink, clothes—enjoyment, rich as me.
Should thy successor be like thee, so kind,
I'll sing his praise with glowing, grateful mind.

December 26, 1849.

#### BIRTH-DAY ADDRESS TO ROBERT BURNS.

O! Burns, 'tis my belief, though some say "No"—
That Heav'n's bright spirits all our actions know,
Applaud what's right, and censure what is wrong,
Pity the weak, and animate the strong;
Mark with delight the independent mind
That soars above the meanness of mankind;
Cheers humble Genius struggling with despair,
And whispers hope to hearts overwhelm'd with care;
With anxious gaze the Patriot's courage trace,
And lead to triumph when he dreads disgrace.

Whence does the Poet draw the sacred fire
That thrills with life and love his burning lyre?
From Heav'n direct—I doubt not—comes the spark
Which warms and brightens what before was dark;
Cheers with its rays the rugged, slipp'ry way,
On which, alas! the bard must often stray;
Aids him the mines of thinking to explore,
And drag to light what ne'er was dream't before;
Helps his creative fancy in its flight,
To form and range new objects of delight,
And give to flowers, and trees, and stones, and streams,
And towers and tombs, and light's refulgent beams,
And all things else, the powers of speech and song,
To teach and charm the list'ning, wond'ring throng.

Yes, heav'n-inspir'd, the humblest poet can, Arouse, arrest, direct the soul of man; The highest, lowest, wisest, worst may awe, Ev'n despot tyrant from fell purpose draw; Smooth storms of discord with the oil of peace, And o'er the world man's happiness increase.

Now Burns, I pray, to me the secret tell,
On whom—when thou took flight—thy mantle fell?
Or does it still float lightly o'er the land,
Within the grasp of some advent'rous hand,
Yet quite unseen by common mortal's sight,
Transparent as the lucid rays of light?
Or wast thou so displeased with this cold world,
That torn in tatters down thy garment hurl'd,
Like useless rags, to flutter here and there,
And dunces by the dozen snatch'd a share?

January 25, 1850.

# FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE YEAR 1850,

AS CONCLUDING THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Thy number'd hours, when ended, shall conclude Full fifty years of evil deeds and good; Thy natal day was usher'd in with grief, While starving millions vainly sought relief. Then I was young, and wonder'd mankind knew, How long the Earth had whirl'd since it was new—How long it was since Eden's happy pair Gaz'd on each other with an am'rous stare—

How long it was since "Anno Domini"
Began the "Era" of all dates we see?
And dying Jubilee, 'twas at thy birth
"Portentous omens hung o'er sea and earth."
The scourge of guilty Europe then was young—
Napoleon, the ambitious, cruel, strong:
He held no human mandate for his deeds,
From Heaven's high vengeance all his wrath proceeds.

Fair Italy his chastening fury felt,
Egypt and Syria to his prowess knelt,
Germany's wide domains were forc'd to yield,
And her vast armies driv'n from every field;
Nor, with the aid of Russia's dreadful hosts,
Could they repel the Conqueror from their coasts:
Spain, Portugal, and every minor State,
Crush'd by him, yield as to relentless Fate.
But Britain stood!—a sea-surrounded rock,
'Gainst which the waves of many a war have broke.
Nor stood in vain; victorious she at last
Reveng'd Napoleon's deeds of evil past;
Met—fought—and quell'd his power at Waterloo,
And all his arm'd Invincibles o'erthrew.

Thy youthful days were thus in hardship spent,
Ten thousand thousand ties of love were rent.
Throughout wide Europe every family felt
A pang—a thrill of woe—the despot dealt;
But Retribution (Heaven has order'd) shall
Upon the head of every Tyrant fall;

And fall it did, on Liberty's worst foe.

And hurled Napoleon to the shades below.

Since then, each year has glorious changes wrought, Science and Art to high perfection brought.

Taught ships to cross the seas, with giant stride,
Despite of winds—of currents—and of tide;
Drawn distant nations to each other's shores,
And taught them kindly to exchange their stores.

From south to north, on Britain's rugged soil,
The Railways now relieve the horse's toil,
And snorting engines rival far in speed
The fleetest coursers of Arabic breed;
Nor tire with running, nor relax in strength
With monstrous loads, or roads of greater length.

What keen eye can the Electric fluid trace? Diminishing entirely Time and Space; Or see how man has managed to control Its spark, to carry words from pole to pole, And, quick as thought, from place to place, convey The tale of man's transactions every day? That Heaven, in mercy, has this cent'ry blessed, Must be, at least, by Britain's sons confessed.

Much could I sing of kings and statesmen gone—Of mankind's gladness, and of mankind's groan;
But task so tedious I must leave to those
Who clothe events in garb of simple prose.

Much could I sing of joy and pleasure past— Of Beauty and Love's charms I dreamt would last; Much could the Muse of private suffering tell, And bid the sympathetic bosom swell-Of sad, sad, deep bereavements could discourse, Which down the cheek the bitter tear would force; Of accidents-appalling, dreadful, sore, As when a limb is from the body tore! But I refrain; for soon thy funeral knell Will force us both with grief t'exclaim "Farewell!" Yet, ere we part for ever, let me hope Thy young successor still will Britain prop-Convince the world that she deserves a name Above all nations, on the scroll of Fame-That whilst she can the boundless ocean sweep, Sink every foe who dares her on the deep-That whilst her flag, where'er it is unfurl'd, Victorious waves, and awes a turb'lent world-She can excel in Arts as well as Arms, Repel by frowns, conciliate by her charms-Has courage to defy, with generous tone, The world to bring its products from each zone, Prove them with hers, in England's Crystal Hall, And there she hopes to far outshine them all.

Declining Year! thy moments are but few! Farewell—farewell—a last, a long adieu!

Dec. 31, 1850.

#### MYSTERIES OF A MOLEHILL.

SEE ye that newly upheav'd earth,
In shape and size like "Ailsa Craig,"
'Tis there the offspring have their birth,
Of Moles—the busy farmer's plague.
Within, an ample cell is found,
Which well with softest grass is lin'd,
And all around is richest ground,
Where hosts of red-earth worms you'll find.

And not far off is ditch, or rill,
Or drain, or river, marsh, or burn,
Where Mistress Mole may drink her fill,
And quickly to her charge return.
A tender charge! 'Tis all her care,
Four little sallow, pale-faced things,
Whose hideous jaws would make you stare,
Whilst greedy gnawing what she brings.

And brings she does great lots of food,
For roads she has in each direction,
Both straight, and curv'd through many a rood,
And quite conceal'd from man's inspection.
Now watch the earth-worm's hasty spring,
Up from the sward (arous'd by fear),
That eyeless, earless, limbless thing,
Instinctive knows a Mole is near.

Yet many a plump but sluggish worm, She smells, and catches, whilst asleep; And in her jaws securely firm,
Trails, wriggling, to her cavern keep.
But mark the Rustic's direful spade,
Thrust downward with relentless force;
The molehill's scatter'd o'er the glade;
The fam'ly crush'd without remorse!

June, 1852.

#### AUTUMN OF 1852.

Full fifty rolling years have I observ'd The human race by Heaven's kind hand preserv'd; And now when Autumn's riches load the plain, Each beating heart should raise a grateful strain.

Months have roll'd on since toiling man was seen With ruthless plough o'erturning all things green; And next, with stately air and measur'd stride, In handfuls casting seed o'er ridges wide, Then with the harrow crushing crumbling earth, (Whence all the *bread* of mankind has its birth); Unbending faith now fills man's hopeful mind—A crop must come, for Heaven is always kind.

Nature's laboratory unimpair'd still yields Supplies exhaustless, ev'n to bleakest fields; The soft'ning rain, cool hail, and shelt'ring snow, With brilliant sunshine stir Spring's vital glow O'er Earth's broad surface;—nor their influence stop, Till Autumn gives her welcome, needed crop. Man struggles hard, and often feels alarm, But Heaven grants increase, and protects from harm.

See what abundance now the fields display,
And yield their treasures to the reaper's sway;—
The sickle, scythe, and ponderous machine,
In friendly contest scour the ridges clean.
No gleaners now for aprons fill'd may hope—
No reaper suffers ev'n a stalk to drop:—
And modern farmers must turn all to gold,
Nor feed the poor with gleanings as of old.

Soon now shall Harvest's closing scene appear, And well-fill'd barns and stack-yards crown the year; Whilst young and old with heartfelt joy declare Heaven's ceaseless bounty and preserving care.

Nov. 17, 1852.

## ASTONISHING DISCOVERIES.

The Nineteenth Century, 'tis often said,
Has seen more wonderful improvements made
In Art and Science, than to us appears
Were brought to light within last thousand years.
Wond'rous the powers which man from Nature draws,
When chance or study has disclos'd her laws.

Now, as on swiftest wing we fly by steam, And o'er the Empire dance as in a dream; No deep ravine retards our dashing pace, Nor lofty mountain checks the course we trace: From Scotia's wilds to Windsor's royal bowers The journey's ended in a few short hours; And wheresoever fancy bids us roam The willing steam can waft us from our home.

But who Electric fluid's feats can tell?
Wond'rous and far surpassing magic's spell!
On wire, as quick as thought, it words conveys,
And truly tells whate'er its tutor says,
Annihilating quite both time and space,
And friends far distant places face to face,
To tell their wants, their wishes, and their news,
Their hopes, fears, business,—secrets if they choose.
A Sunbeam now man's skill can so direct,
As faithfully the human face depict;
In form and features more distinctly true
Than old Appelles e'er with pencil drew.

Of all things now that earth and sea produce Mankind contrive to find the proper use.

Dec. 1, 1852.

#### MEDITATION.

The rapid development of every good quality in human nature ought to result from the numerous important discoveries of the present century—Railways, Steamships, Electricity, &c., &c., giving facilities of communication for the diffusion of the knowledge of every thing that is useful, ornamental, or interest-

ing, such as never at any previous period were enjoyed by mankind; and, consequently, Art, Science, Liberty, Literature, and Religion, were never so fully understood as at present.

An intelligent looker-on, from some celestrial orb, might well anticipate a speedy termination to crime and misery amongst us; and that the various tribes of men and the different classes of society would soon be banded together as brothers, and equally participate in the blessings of undisturbed peace, prosperity, and happiness. But, alas! facilities for degradation multiply as fast as opportunities for improvement, and their direful results accumulate with undeviating certainty. Benevolence, Charity, and Hope, stand appalled at the heart-rending condition of millions of our white and black brothers and sisters, whose restoration to virtue, happiness, and liberty appears impossible. But while the amelioration and complete improvement of the whole family of man seem to be tasks of very difficult and distant accomplishment, yet it becomes an imperative duty, and often a gratifying occupation for the most humble patriot to do all in his power for the relief of suffering humanity in his own little circle.

Dec. 21, 1852.

#### A CONCEIT.

#### EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO.

As when fleet hounds the fleeter Reynard drive, (A num'rous pack—three hundred sixty-five) Onward they dash and make the echoes ring Through fields and forests bearing marks of spring; Buds, blossoms, flowerets, ruthlessly are torn From tender stems, before the rousing horn.

The scene soon changes, and the summer breeze Cools the firm turf, and fans the bending trees; The rip'ning fruit the cautious hunter spares, Yet Reynard's pursuit soars o'er all his cares.

"Forward, Hark Forward!" Autumn's echoes cheer The merry chase, and promise success near, And hounds, and huntsman, deem the promise true, For now old Reynard's brush appears in view:

- "Hold hard! avoid the golden treasured field;
- "And rows of bulbs these fertile levels yield."

Still onward dash we, till the winter's storms
Deprive the landscape of its loveliest forms,
And now each hard-run, hung'ry, howling hound
Has chas'd the game a year's four seasons round;
And as each nears the prey he louder cries,
Resolv'd to frighten ere he seize the prize.
Here Reynard stops, and boldly fronts his foes;
Next moment closes all his hopes and woes!

Just so ends Eighteen Hundred Fifty-two, Like well-chased fox run down when full in view, The noise increases as the end draws nigh, And dreadful storms disturb the sea and sky; The foaming rivers desolation spread, And navies glide where teems were wont to tread, And tales of floods which mark this closing year, Shall fill our children's children's heart with fear.

Dec. 29, 1852.

# TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

From Emperors down to Empirics the spirit of Advertising seems to have inspired every class of public men, and it surely is a mystery of no ordinary kind to find all our newspapers teeming with cures for every imaginable complaint of body or mind, and yet there is more pain, misery, sorrow, and despair amongst mankind at this moment than at any previous era. Still it is right to give humanity every chance of bettering its condition, and hence is observable the benevolent leaning of every advertisement.

The Ruler of France has lately issued a very short advertisement—promising to preserve the peace of Europe, and fully develope the industrial resources of the French nation; and (he might have added in Italics) to wipe off the Waterloo disgrace by the conquest of Britain.

The Derby Administration lost place and power by an unlucky advertisement, explanatory of its intentions. The New Ministry are hard at work preparing an advertisement which must, I suppose, satisfy all grades of society, seeing the Cabinet is composed (as its sagacious chief announces) of *Conservative Liberals* and *Liberal Conservatives*; and one prominent member of it (he who opened the letters of poor political refugees and betrayed them to the death) announces with pompous emphasis, "that they are determined to go on with reforms, with a powerful hand and a fixed purpose." Contentment and happiness are therefore within our grasp.

The United States, too, will soon have a tremendous go-a-head advertisement, threatening, I fear, to swallow up in one great dose, all our North American fisheries, the Island of Cuba, the Empire of Japan, and the guano Islands of Peru:—but there will not be one word in it about liberty to the *four millions of* bondsmen who groan in agony under the most horrible tyranny that blots the annals of mankind.

Jan., 11, 1853.

## ODE TO THE FROST.

FARE-THEE-WELL! O fickle Frost, Thou'rt no more the Curlers' boast.

Winter comes, and winter goes, Thou bring'st neither Ice nor Snows; Year after year thy calls have been Like angels', "few and far between."

I can smile tho' thou'rt away, Yet I wish the Curlers' "play," And hope to see the setting sun When Eglinton's bright prize is won.

Like the Eagle, 'tis a prize Soaring aloft to anxious eyes; And world-wide shall be the fame Of him who wins the "Noble Game."

Feb. 1, 1853.

#### THE NOBLE GAME.

Yon Ivy-mantl'd Castle, on the height, O'erlooks ten thousand sources of delight; Far in the west great Goatfell's shoulders rise, And seem to prop the azure-arched skies. Clyde's gilded waves, between, display a scene Admir'd and prais'd by Britain's beauteous Queen; There ships of every flag and nation glide, And monster steamers dash through wind and tide.

Ayrshire's rich lap unfolded lies to view—
Towns, villas, castles, farm-steads it bestrew;
Dundonald's lofty rocks and ruin'd Keep,
Protecting Coila from the stormy deep;
While Irvine's sparkling stream wends down the vale
(Where many a youthful bosom breathes its tale)

'Mongst fields, flocks, groves, woods, gardens, velvet plains,

No richer scene broad Scotia's Isle contains.

'Tis Craufurd Castle; ancient, honour'd pile; Where Nature sheds around her loveliest smile, Where long have dwelt a venerated pair—
The gentle Chieftain and his Lady fair.
When Spring appears, their undulating glades, Their slopes, and steeps, and dense umbrageous shades

Swarm with a thousand Elfin guests, full bent
On gath'ring lillies to their heart's content.
And when fierce Winter locks the sylvan lake,
And drives the swan his shelter'd roost to take,
Kind Craufurd welcomes Curlers near and far,
There to conclude their noisy civil war.
Here oft is seen the mutual courteous fight
When, lose or win, each warrior finds delight—
But Yesterday produced the noblest game
That Curlers' Archives ever yet could claim—
A splendid vase, of solid silver, bright,
Of ample margin, and of pond'rous weight,
The Great, Good Earl of Eglinton displayed
A prize for Ayrshire's Champions There array'd.

With strength and skill begins the thund'ring fight, On Ice as smooth as crystal, and as bright; But Curling lore, being to my muse unknown, Nought can I record of each shot and stone;

Suffice it—long before the setting sun, Dundonald's gallant band the prize had won.

Hurra! Triumphant Dykes, thy name shall ring As long as Scotland's bards of Curling sing; Nor Thomson, Gibson, Cowan be forgot As long's the "Roaring Game" inspires the Scot.

Well fought thou, Great Kilkerran, to the last, And firmly stood till fate's last die was cast! Tho' vanquished now, thy trusty band soon may Attack the foe, and bear the prize away.

Feb. 18, 1853.

### MARCH.

Now Spring's reviving breath all nature warms, And tribes of life unnumber'd taste her charms. Wing'd insects forth from their abodes unseen, Where many a month encas'd in eggs they've been, Dance gaily in the sun's inspiring rays, Heedless how few their joy-enraptur'd days.

The bee hums out from her sweet-scented cell, And busy pores through garden, wood, and dell, Nor cares how long her airy voyage be; With brilliant burthen none more gay than she.

Now love, the restless, clam'rous rooks inspires To colonize the trees, rocks, ruins, spires. Where noise incessant, and fell discord tell That mankind's quarrels they can mimic well; Yet 'midst the strife a sable brood appears Rewarding all their anxious hopes and fears.

No more in crowds the little songsters fly,
As when the winter's storms bedim'd the sky,
But mate to mate in love's sweet bonds unite,
And share each other's toils with fond delight.
(Mild lesson this to many a human pair
Whose strifes are numerous and whose kindness rare.)
Now every grade of animated things
That crawl, run, swim, or soar on airy wings,
Join in the raptures of connubial love
(The sweetest drop of bliss from heaven above),
And untold millions of descendants rear
To live—be happy—die and disappear.

The vegetable world, with em'lous smile, Yields not to LIFE in reproductive toil, But buds, and blooms, and ripens fruit and seed, Which in succession vegetation breed:

And thus, Spring after Spring the world renews, And Nature's lap re-fills for mankind's use.

March 16, 1852.

#### WONDERS.

"Wonders will never cease," the proverb says,
And wonders multiply in modern days;
"Tis wonderful that Britain "rules the roast"
In every climate, and on every coast.
Steamships and Railways are most wondrous things,

And Telegraphic Wire great wonders brings;
'Tis wonderful that Louis Napoleon
Should sit so long upon the Gallic throne;
'Tis wond'rous, too, that Frenchmen—so acute,
So fierce, so fiery—now submit so mute.
And who does not with wond'ring gaze behold
London's rich "CITS" degrade themselves for gold,

Flatt'ring a perjured tyrant's haughty pride,
Whose will is law (France knows no law beside),
Peace the pretext: sweet olive branch, adieu!
No blissful emblem thou with such a crew.
Wond'rous it is, and passing strange, to see
Slavery's stronghold where liberty should be,
And men by men in millions sold as brutes,
While Jonathan, as Freedom's Champion, struts.
'Tis wonderful to see our priesthood bow
Like Idol-worshippers to Mrs. Stowe;
And very wondrous is their fiery zeal
To free black slaves, and all their sorrows heal.

While home-bred slaves no sympathy may claim, 'Tis wond'rous vulgar to be kind to them:

#### BUSINESS.

A wond'rous effort I have lately made To serve you well, and to extend my trade; And I'll be wond'rous glad, I must confess, To find my energy command success.

April 27, 1853.

#### HOPES.

My worthy friends, who long have been my prop, You all read my advertisements—I hope. Hope ever cheer'd me since my earliest days, And still shall warm me when my life decays: Though good things hoped for I may never see, Yet Hope itself soothes and gives joy to me. I hope long-talked of blissful days are nigh, When none, as now, for work and wages cry; When poor-laws, police, and war's murd'rous train Aside are cast, ne'er to be used again. I hope, if Europe cannot peace prolong, We'll help the weak, and gently curb the strong; I hope that Britons all the world o'er May spread pure morals whilst they treasure store; I hope that all the nations on the earth Will give us credit for our wealth and worth;

I hope Victoria long in peace may reign, And Britain's dignity and rights maintain; I hope the French shall ne'er, with warlike host, Attempt invasion on our sea-girt coast; I hope the Lords' and Commons' Houses may Stop Ireland's grumblings on an "early day;" I hope that Scot to English ne'er shall yield Till Scotland's arms are right on Britain's shield; I hope that genial rains and warmth may come To raise the Farmer's hopes of "Harvest Home;" I hope that Science, Art, Commerce, and Trade, Shall flourish here, and never fail nor fade. Another Hope my hopeful mind still cheers-Your Patronage, as shown in former years; And Hope, quite fervent, keeps my heart at ease, That my best efforts shall your fancy please.

May 17, 1853.

#### PITY.

I PITY feel for those who cannot raise
An awe-struck eye, and with deep reverence gaze
On suns and systems, numberless, that move
In mazy orbits, through the realms above.
I pity those, with soul and sense obtuse,
Who sip no joys from Nature's works profuse:
For them the richest landscape has no charms,
No sight sublime their frozen fancy warms;

The ocean deep may heave, and boil, and roar, And climb with torrent-foam the rock-bound shore: The forest, garden, river, hill, and vale May each, pathetic, tell a glorious tale; Yet heedless crowds, wide staring every day, Don't understand one word that these things say. I pity those who, wrapp'd in selfish greed, Hoard wealth—by fair, or foul, or meanest deed. I pity him who does not wish to see His neighbours all as prosperous as he. I pity him whose kindness is confined To words or feelings lurking in his mind. I pity, too, the man whom love enthrals, And deep involves in matrimonial brawls. I pity workmen squand'ring all they win, And starve their fam'lies to enjoy their sin. I pity children who have never breath'd An atmosphere which vice has not bequeath'd. I pity much all who in rags are clad (The tender heart at such displays is sad); But glad would be should wealthy folks agree To clothe them well, and buy the clothes from me. A diffrent party must my pity share. Those who have plenty, and yet strut thread-bare. I pity those who slight the minstrel's strains: For why? The muse the brightest truths maintains.

For others' sorrows oft I heave a sigh, And wish all mankind were as happy's I.

May 30, 1853.

#### WAR.

Well I remember when the demon War Was hurl'd indignant from his gory car, And chas'd with his chief Captain and his host From all his fields of triumph, blood, and boast. At Waterloo, an Angel cried, "Let peace On Europe rest, and murd'rous warfare cease."

A generation now has pass'd away,
Who well enjoyed the fruits of victory;
But from the North alarms of coming war
High hopes of lasting peace and friendship mar.
The Russian despot, like some Polar bear,
Growls out his threat, and flings his fiercest stare;
Collects his cubs, and with expanded paw
Resolves to crush life, liberty, and law.
What the pretence? Commission to him given
To shelter pilgrims on their road to heaven!
Impious ambition! Shall success attend
Such horrid means to work such holy end.

Lives there a Christian who does not deplore One single soldier writhing in his gore? And who will him a Christian monarch call Whose heart delights when fifty thousands fall? And who the finest race of mankind, long Has aimed to subjugate with armies strong! Still Free, the brave Circassians on their hills, Vengeful, be-dye with Russian blood the rills. And stem Invasion's tide, and turn it back, While well-earn'd triumphs mark their gallant track, Dear Maids and Wives their patriot ardour cheer, And love the heroes whom their foes must fear.

And should the Tyrant Czar attack the Turk, Heaven! let him perish in the bloody work.

June 28, 1853.

## TO THE JUVENILES OF AYRSHIRE.

THE GREAT REBELLION.

PART I.

It happen'd once upon a time,
But in what year or in what clime
Perhaps not much concerneth you,
Provided that the story's true;
And of its truth no one can doubt
Who patiently can read it out:
A great Rebellious Plot was laid
To ruin much of mankind's trade,
Threat'ning most boldly at no less
Than forcing us to scanty dress,
And scanty food too; but the traitors
Will by their talk explain these matters.

Birds, fishes, beasts, and insects too, Resolv'd their hardships to review; In solemn conclave to debate How best they might improve their state, And how in warfare to unite Their talents 'gainst man's tyrant might.

Great was the gath'ring-such ne'er seen Since all were 'ranged on Eden's green, (That day when each received its name, And doubtless still retains the same); And 'twas a happy sight to see How Christian-like they did agree. The horse lock'd kindly on the frog, The hare sat smirking with the dog, The whale and shrimp exchanged a bow, The eagle nodded to the crow, And pussy with her silken paw Gave rat and mouse a friendly claw. The peacock with his outspread tail Made low obeisance to the snail, And joke-u-larly did remark "We both are beauties-in the dark." The goose and bird of paradise Conversed with most familiar voice. And goosey was o'er-heard to utter "You suck the flower-I suck the gutter." The elephant with lofty soul Deign'd social chit-chat with the mole, While Mr. Mole said, "Sir, no doubt You show by far the longer snout,

But though it has extensive range My snout for yours I won't exchange." The pig—as all were glad to see— Grunted acquaintance with the bee, And whispered, "Since we two have met, What think you of a shrill duet?" The cow, with unsuspecting stare, Walk'd up beside the polar bear, And questioned bruin in a trice-"How grows the grass upon the ice?" The lion shook his mane with pride At lambkins frisking by his side, And thus to his provider said, "Jack, we must stop the butching trade." The lark and thrush, devoid of fear, Sang, "Brother hawk, you're welcome here; A concert we're resolved to start. Pray join the choir and sing your part." The brawling parrot and the mite Roosted together with delight; The dolphin and the flying fish Enjoy'd each other's warmest wish; The shark, the seal, the alligator Shrunk from offending any creature-Resolv'd to fast amongst the fishes Until supplied with other dishes. The silkworm and its feather'd foes Deplor'd with tears each other's woes, And hop'd their mutual love would last, With mutual pardon for the past.

The oyster, from her pearly bed, Tears mix'd with joy was seen to shed, When surly crab in fond embrace Remov'd her to his resting place. The eider duck (with softest down) The herring's suff'rings did bemoan, And cormorants with craving maws Restrain'd their murth'rous bills and claws. And croaking to the fishes said, "Of us, pray, never be afraid." The partridge, pheasant, and the grouse, The owl, the weasel, and the mouse, The polecat, duck, teal, cock, and fox Continually were cracking jokes; Whilst trout and salmon, perch and pike To otter's tusks showed no dislike, The swallow whispers to the fly "I'll ne'er eat you though I should die,"-So spake the starling to the worm, Subdu'd it seem'd by friendship's charm,

But time would fail for me to name
The countless living crowds which came,
And stood in order side by side,
Resolv'd the issue to abide;
Sufficient be it to declare
All kinds of life—but man's—was there.

July 23, 1853.

## TO THE JUVENILES OF AYRSHIRE.

THE GREAT REBELLION.

#### PART II.

Now social chat to business was resigned And each expected to declare his mind.

The Lion first the solemn silence broke,
And in a tone of thunder thus he spoke;—
"My fellow suff'rers since the world began
We all have been the prey of greedy man;
Yet not by strength, but cunning he succeeds
In all his cruel, mean, imperious deeds.
At this our meeting we must careful be
To act as cool and cautiously as he:
First, then, let us a president provide
Who may our deep deliberations guide,
And as no one at man's hand suffers worse,
I beg with deference to propose—The Horse."

Assenting cheers arose from every voice;
All seemed delighted with their noble choice.
Proud the majestic animal appear'd,
And loftily his gallant crest was rear'd,
Then pacing gently to th' appointed place,
Address'd the throng with dignity and grace:
"Your woes, my friends, I long have keenly felt,
And in your cause oft fatal blows have dealt—

Crush'd the oppressor underneath my hoof, And shall I now from warfare stand aloof? No-as a coward never shall my name Be blotted from the brilliant scroll of fame! In this our meeting I am sure each one Is quite resolv'd that something must be done To foil our foes, and scape their clutches free; But what that something is, I cannot see. With your permission I will soon explain How in our business we much time may gain; As every one full keenly feels his grief, Let our first question be, 'How find relief;' For should you all, my woeful friends, desire To tell your pains and stir each other's ire-Detailing fully man's deceitful wiles, Man's bold attacks, man's demoniac smiles: The 'kill and eat' propensities of man, And all his vile tyrannic doings scan; Patience exhausted, many would retire Before discussing what we most desire: Your gath'ring here full well attests your woes, Now let some one a remedy propose."

Up spoke the Oyster from her rugged shell—"Good president, I think 'twould be as well, And clearly, Sir, promote the public good, If each his neighbour's sorrows understood; For instance, mankind in the ocean dive, Catch us in shoals, and eat us up alive!

And ere they do so, pray just think of that,
They try to guzzle us, and make us fat!"
"And true this is of us," cried out the Mite,
"Man takes ten thousand of us at a bite:
A million of us at one sweep I saw,
Engulphed within his all-devouring maw!"
The Lobster said—"If you for horrors strive,
Man never eats us till we'er boil'd alive!!"
"Man roasts us in our beds," the Silkworm shouts,
"A case of awful torture, no one doubts!
How would mankind on all creation frown,
If they but dreaded to be thus done brown?"

"Pray, my good friends," the President cried, "stop, Your useless moanings may extinguish hope;
Our business here will ne'er come to an end
If to each case of suff'ring we attend;
Your peaceful presence well proclaims your woes:
Again I ask—A remedy propose!"

Up rear'd the Serpent, glittering in the sun, "Good Sir," quoth he, "the next thing to be done Is, let a league of friendship here be sworn, And swift by heralds o'er all the world be borne—That no one frighten, injure, kill, or eat A living thing; but vegetable meat Entirely use. Till this is understood, Hostile attempts on man can do no good." "Right!" howled the Fox, "I cheerfully comply, So rabbits, grouse, and poultry—all—good bye!"

"Right!" grinned the Wolf, "the fold is safe for me, Henceforth my food I'll gather from the tree!"
"Right!" roar'd the Tiger, "deer and antelope May through the forest range with scatheless scope!"
"Right!" growl'd the clumsy, greedy, grizzly Bear, "My tongue shall ne'er taste blood, I firmly swear!'
"Right!" snarling swore the hideous Rattle-snake, "None shall I kill but men within my wake!"
The frightful Alligator lash'd his tail,
And swore, "no prey should e'er his jaws bewail!"
And all the creatures with one voice proclaimed,
They ne'er again for murder should be blam'd.

Sworn was the league. The Serpent then did ask, "Who, as our heralds, undertake the task Of carrying through the earth, the air, the sea, The news of this our Grand Conspiracy?" The Swallow soon attracted every eye, But, like all birds of passage, look'd quite shy, And when applied to, promptly twitter'd out, "Kind friends, of your esteem I have no doubt; Your smiles encourage, though they won't preserve; Therefore in this I can't your purpose serve. The Eagle quick enough may tidings spread, And, unlike me, no aerial foes will dread." "What!" shriek'd the Eagle, "do you think I'll roam. When I have quite enough to do at home? I'll gladly serve you in some other way:

But, for such work, excuse me, Sirs, I pray."

Dumb now each voice! Talk was an easy thing, But doing aught might tribulation bring. The herald's duty, slight though it appear, Was shun'd by all through slothfulness and fear. This seen, the Elephant most wisely said— "Boldly ye talk-of work ye're all afraid. For man I long and patiently have toil'd, And oft of merited reward been foil'd: Still in his service cheerful I'll remain, Than on mine honour bring a lasting stain. If man were but an animal like me, I soon from him would wrench your liberty; But powers supreme within his spirit rest, So all on earth must yield to his behest! May I, good President, presume to say, 'Tis worse than useless to prolong delay. Let us at once retire, for now 'tis late, And share the ills which are ordained by Fate."

"Thanks to the President," the Lion moved— Briskly the Lamb with gen'rous bleat approv'd. Then all ran, swam, or in the air did soar, To kill and eat, and quarrel as before!

August 17, 1853.

# THE SHEARER'S ADDRESS TO THE SHOWER.

Welcome messenger of ease,
Kindly looming in the breeze!
In the dark horizon wide,
(Enveloping crystal Clyde);
When thy coming I foresaw,
Tho' enwreathed with cloudy awe,
Upward with a grateful gaze
Gladly I proclaimed thy praise.
Weary as the toil-worn beast,
Rest preferring to a feast—
Aching back, and arms, and knees,
Crying piteous, "Give us ease!"—
Grumble though the Farmers may,
I joyful am on a rainy day.

September, 1853.

# ODE TO MISS M. CUNNINGHAM,

PRISONER IN TUSCANY FOR PROPAGATING "THE TRUTH."

FAIR Lady, why so far from home?
Hast thou defied the threats of Rome,
And suffer'st persecution's doom
For heresy,
Whilst thou may do great good, and roam
At liberty?

Why hast thou left sweet Thornton's bowers,
Where joyous flew thy youthful hours
'Mongst hoary trees and brilliant flowers—
A blissful scene!
To stare at Rome's dark tombs and towers,
And cells obscene?

Nowhere on peaceful Scotia's soil
Might pious zealot happier toil,
And win the hearty, grateful smile
Of humble worth,
Than round the patriarchal pile
That gave thee birth.

Within the sound of Thornton's bell
Hundreds of hard wrought Miners dwell;
Thy kindness might the comforts swell
Of them and theirs,
And calmly thou of Heaven might tell
To ease their cares.

Yes! with thy wealth, thy charms, thy heart,
How much of bliss might'st thou impart
To those whose souls in secret smart
With hopeless grief!
Like guardian angel, thou alert
Might bring relief.

Think on the poor thou should'st protect, Who pine and die in cold neglect! For Italy—pray, what effect

Has all thy zeal?

Thy mis-placed kindness, what respect?

A felon's Jail.

October 4, 1853.

## OCTOBER.

Approaching Winter, with his direful storms, Surrounding scenes and objects soon transforms. Few days are gone since foliage on the trees Was green and gay as in the summer breeze: The noble dahlia rear'd its glorious bloom, And bade defiance to the coming doom; The hollyhock and all her brilliant train, In garden nurs'd or scattered o'er the plain, Blush'd innocently happy, breath'd perfume, Unconscious of the cloud's portentous gloom; But down the torrent dash'd with fatal haste, And all the beauty of the world laid waste; What flower perchance escaped the rain and wind, The frost destroys, and "leaves no wreck behind."

The feather'd tribes, amaz'd at such a change, On desolation gaze with aspect strange, In spiral mazes see the clam'rous crows, Ascend in thousands from their fav'rite boughs, Aloft on vig'rous wing behold them poise, Then downwards dash with force and angry noise, The coming tempest deprecate with grief, And to dense forests hasten for relief. The little songsters! whither have they fled? The snell tornado lays them with the dead.

October 25, 1853.

#### DESPAIR.

I now despair to live to see the day When wars are o'er, and armour thrown away: When ships, with slumb'ring thunder, shall no more Defend us, or disturb a foreign shore. I now despair to live till tyrants all Resign their sway, and yield to Reason's thrall; Or see the day when bondsmen's groans shall cease, And mankind live in harmony and peace. I now despair to live to see the time When man's career unsullied is with crime: When truth is told in ev'ry Yea and Nay, And each can trust whate'er his neighbours say: When robbing, stealing, cheating, are unknown, And ev'ry one shall quietly keep his own; When buyers upon sellers may depend Implicitly on what they recommend! And merchants (like myself) be always paid, And ne'er of faithless purchasers afraid. I now despair to live till such events As shipwrecks, fires, and railway accidents,

Shall cease to happen on our earthly sphere, Nor tales of woe and horror wound the ear.

I now despair to live till priests unite,
And never more for creeds and dogmas fight.

Despair I must, O muse! to see the time
When in my flights I soar like Burns—sublime!

November 22, 1853.

## HINT TO FARMERS.

THE NEWSPAPER.

HARK! Cultivators of the fertile soil, Who day by day incessant ply your toil-Ploughing, digging, draining, sowing, reaping, Thrashing, cleaning, grinding, selling, keeping. How are ye guided in your operations? How safely manage ye your speculations? Do customs old benumb, deceive, arrest The lurking love of progress in your breast; And keep in use each ancient implement With which your great-grandsires were quite content? No! I am well persuaded that you all Have now renounced old dotard Custom's thrall; But still require a spur to onward movements Ere you adopt the very best improvements. And why you don't to me is plain as day-Few of you will for information pay. "Knowledge is power," as one and all should know, And good Newspapers full of knowledge glow.

All of you should for useful knowledge pry, And each at least one weekly Paper buy.

Don't lend or borrow as is customary,
For then what's seen is glanced at in a hurry;
But get, and keep, and carefully peruse
A well-digested treasury of news—
Where you, as o'er a world-wide map may roam,
And cull, and bring all new inventions home;
Sift the debates which each new thing provokes,
And store the truths discussion's key unlocks.

Besides, your weekly monitor can tell Where best you may your ev'ry produce sell; And where, in turn, all goods of every kind At cheapest rates you easily may find. You on the broad sheet always may depend; 'Tis wise to teach, and powerful to defend. What is there in the world you want to know; The broad sheet ask, and it will quickly show. Is there a tyrant who dares crush your cause? The sheet can scourge him better than the laws. Does calumny attack with envious pride? The sheltr'ing sheet turns venom'd shafts aside. Does warm benev'lence prompt to glorious deeds? The sheet will point the path where glory leads; And when the muse poetic fires the soul, The sheet wide-wafts your themes from pole to pole; When love invites to matrimonial bliss. The sheet abroad proclaims your happiness;

And from such bliss—sure the deduction's fair—It duly records "birth of son and heir!"
At last, when all your toils on earth are o'er,
It sounds your praise, and tells how friends deplore!

December 18, 1853

## THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

It is an undeniable fact that the Empire of Great Britain has been raised to its present lofty position by the strength, skill, bravery and activity of her Army and Navy; indeed her very existence as an independent political body depends upon their efficiency. But is it not a melancholy fact that hitherto our Legislators have never provided a fund for the maintenance of the Widows and Orphans of the killed, and of the Wives and Families of our disabled Soldiers and Seamen? No. no! This would have been a stretch of justice and humanity, totally at variance with the grasping disposition of our Rulers to secure the largest possible grants of public property to their Marlboroughs, Nelsons, and Wellingtons—as if none but the Commanders had merit in our victories; whereas, it is evident that without the hearty self-devotion of our Working Classes, no laurels and rewards would have been lavishly heaped upon any such distinguished personages. Now the generosity of the nation is appealed

to for a "Patriotic Fund," to make up for the unpatriotic, unchristian conduct of our Legislature.

At a meeting of bankers and merchants in London on Thursday last, Lord John Russell stated-"It " has been the opinion of Parliament hitherto, that " such grants could not be made on ordinary occa-"sions without leading to great abuses of such " grants. And it is to the voluntary " zeal, to the voluntary liberality of the people of "this country that we must look to supply the " necessities of these widows and orphans." What " great abuses" could Parliament imagine would be committed by the legally-appointed distributors or deserving recipients of such a fund? Verily, the Widows and Orphans of our working warriors would be too well watched by Government officials to be guilty of inroads on the public purse. Perhaps suspicion rested elsewhere. But what will Lord John Russell say to the "great abuses," alias wholesale robberies, which the opinion of Parliament has allowed to continue and accumulate for the last 150 years, in the shape of pensions, sinecures, bishoprics, &c., &c., &c.? And how would he relish the proposal of casting upon the voluntary zeal, and the voluntary liberality of the People, the duty of raising funds annually for the support of all the splendour of our Monarchical Institutions, the efficiency of our Army and Navy, and every paid official, high and low, throughout the Empire, without any taxation at all? This would be a glorious scheme, worthy of

the patronage, one might think, of such a liberalminded legislator as Lord John Russell! and, moreover, a scheme equally just and merciful as that of handing over to public sympathy the duty of supporting those who are near and dear to our nobleminded warriors, whose unwearied exertions, indomitable patience, and sacrifice of life, keep every inch of our inimitable Empire in existence?

How many grants are almost instantaneously agreed to by Parliament, which the people oppose or reluctantly sanction? But no act of justice could be proposed by our Legislature which would meet with a more unanimous approval of the community than a Fund for the support of our Warriors' Wives, Widows, and Families. But our present unscrupulous rulers well know (under the guise of philanthropy) how to take advantage of the benevolent feelings of the people during the present terrible conflict, whilst they and their favourites can revel on a surplus revenue, and let those who personally feel for the hitherto Government-neglected Widows and Orphans look after their future welfare. The interest of the Twenty Millions of Pounds sterling extracted from our pockets to pay for the abolition of Black Slavery in the West Indies, would have been far more than sufficient to keep in comfort, from generation to generation, the humble dependants of all our suffering soldiers and seamen. And even now our present Government might well grant-if so inclined-a sufficient "Patriotic Fund" out of last session of Parliament's most oppressive taxation, without missing it.

November 6, 1854.

## LAMENT FOR COLONEL BLAIR, M.P.

MOURN, Ayrshire, mourn! but yield not to despair, Tho' thou hast lost thy gallant Colonel Blair!

Proudly thou heard'st his senatorial voice: The common weal, not Party, was his choice. Whatever might his native land improve, Whate'er misrule, abuse, or crime remove, Whate'er defend the right, the wrong oppose, Increase our happiness, or soothe our woes, Arous'd his Scottish heart, inspir'd his tongue, And wisdom listen'd, whilst the echoes rung!

Nor was his private and his social worth
Less honourable to his noble birth;
And his was not that Pharisaic soul
Which would the joyous sports of men control,
And check the mirth of race-course, chase, or fair,
Because there might things mal-a-prop be there.
But duty called him to the battle-field,
To stop a Tyrant, and his victim shield:
Promptly he hastens unto realms afar,
Where savage hordes add horror to the war;
And dashing through the fight at Inkermann,
Where blood of friend and foe in torrents ran,

With British boldness hail'd a hero's death, And sacrificed to Freedom his last breath!

His manly features I can ne'er forget,
Until, like his, my sun of life is set;
And whilst with thee, O Ayrshire! mourn his fate,
Feel, too, thy loss, with heart oppress'd regret,
Still must I hope that his example bright
Shall soon another son of thine excite
To senatorial honours; and, like Blair,
If called on, Briton's toils and glories share!

Nov. 28, 1854.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

A guid New Year I wish you a', And ev'ry day it lasts May nae misfortunes you befa', Nor sad bereavement's blasts.

May lairds and tenants aye agree On politics and rent; May lads and lasses rant wi' glee, And cottars be content.

May tailors, weavers, artizans, O' ilk denomination,

Hae routh o' wark to fill their hauns, And rich remuneration.

May sailors bold and soldiers brave Let Russians feel their mettle, And speedily on land and wave The Eastern quarrel settle.

May blythesome Peace around the earth On ev'ry nation smile, And lovers' joys and social mirth Continue in our Isle.

May Queen Victoria reign as long
As you and I can pray;
And to her, ere I end my song,
Let's shout, Hip, Hip, Hurra!

January 1, 1855.

#### RURAL LIBERTY.

(Air-" Scotland Yet.")

LET grandeur brag o' mansions fine, O' couch and carpet rare, O' bed o' down, and silks that shine, Gie' me the open air; The air, the open air for me,
The air that's unconfined,
Whar mind and body baith are free—
As free's the rust'ling wind;
I'll struggle wi' my latest breath
For air that's unconfin'd.

Wha can enjoy life's cheering sweets
Unless he strolls the fields,
And gazing, gath'ring, gratefu' greets
The flowers his roaming yields.
The fields—the fragrant fields—are mine
Whae'er their owners be;
Let heartless pomp in castles pine,
But gie the fields to me:
I'll love t' range the open fields
Until the day I dee.

The daisy peeps out o' the lawn,
The primrose frae the dell,
Wi' simmer morning's earliest dawn
Up springs the proud blue bell;
The heather, too, expands it's flower
Whene'er the sun looks down;
The stately fox-glove courts the shower,
And smiles at Nature's frowns;
I glory to survey them all,
And think I wear a crown.

The burnie trickles down the hill,
And dives frae rock to linn,
It's bright foam bells are never still
And ceaseless is its din.
Wi' wid'ning wave fast through the glen
It steals wi' modest grace,
While far awa it's winding den
Wi' gladsome e'e I trace,
Till in the ocean's heaving breast
It meets a fond embrace.

The feather'd warblers swell their throats
On twig and soaring wing,
In social concert join their notes
A mirthful glee to sing.
The bleating flocks and lowing kine
Carrol upon the lea;
The wee, wee fishes sparkling shine,
And skim the fountain free—
I echo the undying theme,
Hurra for liberty!

## CORONATION ODE,

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV.

GREAT GEORGE, you now are king indeed, The crown is placed upon your head; Long may you wear and well become it, Of glory may you gain the summit. And may your crown, of purest gold, Like rights of Briton's, ne'er be sold, But sparkle without rust or stain, While lasts your gay and prosperous reign.

Also, I humbly pray and wish,
That you may never want a dish
Quite to your taste—game, beef, or mutton,
And aye have royal robes to put on.
For, George, to tell the candid truth,
Times are much alter'd since our youth:
Then you could get your taxes paid,
And we could drive a paying trade.
The very lowest then in Killie,
Could get of eggs and ham their fill aye;
And all the operative tribes,
As well as doctors, priests, and scribes,
Could daily upon sirloin dine,
And wear true Saxon superfine.

Still we get food, and thank Heaven for't,
Although it's of the coarsest sort,
But bid adieu to roast and boil,
And all the sweet's of India's soil.
Our wardrobes, which were fully pack'd,
Are now by poverty ransack'd;
And every dud to dud we patch,
And care not how the colours match.
And should dull trade reduce us poorer,
I greatly dread there's nothing surer

Than that we shall not pay what's due, To prop the splendour, Sire, of you. Yet Hope supports—we'll do our best, And leave to Providence the rest. And now, Great George, I must conclude My loval Ode-though worded rude, By praying Heaven to be so kind, as Preserve you always compos mentis; To all your projects grant success, And keep your kingdom from distress: And may your arms our lives protect, And justice all our wrongs correct. May Hunt and Radicals ne'er vex you, And gallant Queens no more perplex you. Thus pray I, on the nineteenth July, And will through life, devout and truly, I am, Great George, -imploring grace, Your faithful subject-Socrates.

July 19, 1821.

## LYRIC ODE.

Cupid's reign is o'er!
All his wounding store
Is blunted quite! And ore
Dug from the caverns of Peru,
Refin'd and stamped "Ferdinand,"
Can brightest beauty quickly woo,
And win both heart and hand

O what charms has Gold!
Its virtues can't be told!
It youthful makes the old!
It elevates the vulgar mind!
Gives sweetest grace to surliest face
And warms and softens hearts unkind
And dignifies the base!

Splendour follows cash.

Nay, Muse, hold: why so rash?

For the miser will not dash,

Tho' he should have a pretty slave,

(Whose heart for gold was fairly sold,)

To deck his house: 'twill be a grave,

Lock'd, lonely, mean, and cold.

September 18, 1821.

## ODE TO MY PARLOUR FIRE.

Benignant frien' accept my thanks,
For warming aft my shiv'ring shanks,
As aft my frost-bent fingers straighted,
And banes and sinews thaw'd and righted;
And, O what love! most humbly sweet,
Thou sometimes fa's to kiss my feet.
When wily maids my heart perplex,
Or Fortune's flirts my noddle vex,
Or faithless frien's my secrets tell,
Or grief, or rage, my bosom swell,

Then from life's scenes I quick retire, To thee, my blazing Parlour Fire,

BACHELOR.

April 1st, 1820.

#### ODE TO CECILIA.

To thee, Cecilia, I resign
My beating heart! it shall be thine,
Yet mark, a price I must demand—
Thy kind heart and thy lovely hand:
Nor stare, my love, as something strange
Were meant by this proposed exchange,
For separation's not intended,
But that our hearts in one be blended.

## FRAGMENT.

Altho' Dame Nature has been wondrous kind In making us to all that's future blind; And with a dark impenetrable screen, Prevents hereafter scenes from being seen.

Yet youthful hopes, and fears, and joys reveal, In shadowy dreams, what Fate's decrees conceal: Thus does the throbbing heart of am'rous maid, Of favor'd lovers faithfulness afraid, Suggest how Gypsies foresight may explain
The truth or falsehood of her doubtful swain;
And more confesses and confides to those,
Whose face she knows not, than whose face she knows.

#### A CANADIAN SONG.

(Air-" When the Kye come Hame.")

Come a' ye jovial Bushmen, and listen unto me,
All ye who can appreciate the sweets of liberty,—
We are not now, as once we were, beneath the
tyrant's paw,

We feel that freedom is our lot in Upper Canada.

We need not now to bow and scrape, and beg for leave to toil,

Nor dread oppressive tyranny,—on Freedom's charms we smile:

We only grieve for those we love, who groan 'neath cruel law,

And wish they were as free as we in Upper Canada.

We range the stately forest, without the fear of foe, And with our friends partake in peace of joy where'er we go;

We join the dance, and swell the song, nor care the world a straw,

For here we're met, and bienly set, in Upper Canada.

We range our fertile healthy fields without the least annoy,

And when our lab'ring time comes on, we plough our fields with joy;

We have no haughty landlords,—our lairdships have no flaw,

For here we're met, and snugly set, in Upper Canada.

O could our friends in Scotia but land upon our shore!

Then hunger, woe, or slavery, they ne'er would suffer more.

We'll drink their healths in a full bowl, and wish they but us saw,

Then they and theirs would soon be lairds in Upper Canada.

And merry boys,—O may they bring their sweethearts fresh and fair,

And bonny lasses, too, decoy their lads, love's joys to share,

Nor want's stern threats, nor rank's fell pride, dare check kind Nature's law—

For there's room and wealth for millions yet in Upper Canada.

And now my jolly Bushmen, let's through the forest drive,

To shoot, to hunt, to fish, to rove, until our friends arrive;

No vile game laws prevent us—no haughty lordlings draw

A sacred line around their fields in Upper Canada.

No lawyers perplex us, with bonds, and wills, and deeds,

Our climate's so refreshing that none a doctor needs, No state-priests here *gape* with insatiable maw On the produce of our industry in Upper Canada.

## A SAD PROPHECY!

#### DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF AYRSHIRE.

DARK o'er my soul a low'ring cloud,
With fitful flash and thunder loud,
Foretells a coming dreadful blast,
Shall Britain crush before 'tis past.
Far in the East the cloud arose,
Amidst the strife of direful foes:
Dense and more dense—progressive still—
Wide and more wide, o'er vale and hill,—
Westward it wends, with gloomy stride,
Threat'ning to quench Britannia's pride.
Yes, Britain, thou hast long sustained
A glory which thy worth had gain'd!—
A glory which, o'er land and sea,
All other nations envied thee!—

A glory which thy sons have sung, Echo'd by sage and savage tongue!
Now faithless friend and crafty foe,
Unite to bring thy glory low.
Thy foe shall stand when all thy power Is spent like summer's dewy shower:
And thine Imperial ally then
Shall conquer, and o'er Britain reign.

## WELL MEANT HINTS TO THE WANT-FEELING TRADESMAN.

EVERYBODY knows that a depressed trade occasions a distressed people. Want of commerce occasions want of work, want of work occasions want of wages, and want of wages occasions the want of the necessaries of life. Although as a nation our commercial affairs are not flourishing, neither are they so blasted as some would have us Let us therefore be thankful for such things as we have. But if thou art a very poor man, and hast lost heart, and art almost sunk under the pressure of want, and hast no money in thy pockets wherewith to buy the needful, and art pondering in thy melancholy mind what shift to try, in order to improve thy circumstances; despair no longer, I will put thee on a plan which will do thee good-which will brighten thy languid eye, and cheer thy freezing heart, and warm thy shivering frame; and cause the

voice of mirth to be heard in thy hall, and thy table to groan with the hospitable dinner, and inspire thee to walk in the streets and public places with a firm and fearless step, and an enlivened undaunted countenance, which defies the debtor's blush. My plan is short and simple: It will neither tire thy patience, nor perplex thine understanding. It will moreover be easily remembered. It consists in two general rules—

1st.—Be Industrious.
2nd.—Be Economical.

To be industrious, thou must exert thy utmost vigilance in procuring work, and when thou hast found it, be careful and diligent in doing it well, and with all possible dispatch. For by doing it well thou wilt satisfy thy employer, and by doing it quickly thou wilt-if paid by the piece-gain greater wages. Or if paid by the day, thy activity and good workmanship will procure thee the best wages, and insure thee of employment when work is to be got by any one. But he who is careless of his duty when paid by the day, will find masters careless, nay unwilling to employ him when work is scarce. Honesty is therefore always, and in all cases the best policy. Never lose a day's work because it is a custom with thy neighbours to go idle on Saturdays. By losing the Saturdays, they lose about four pounds a-year, at the rate of 18d. per day. But to encourage thee still further in thy industrious habits, consider,

that if thou canst earn twopence halfpenny an hour, by working a single extra hour every day, thy yearly income will be increased three guineas; and three guineas is no mean sum: they will pay the rent of a commodious room, or purchase a good new suit of clothes, or answer many useful purposes.

But thou must be economical as well as industrious, if thou wish to profit by my advice. All thy industry will avail thee nothing if money burns thy pockets: but in order to guard against this calamity never attempt to carry more pocket-money than twopence. Beware! O beware of carrying pocketmoney: I assure you I have lost fifty pounds by pocket-money. Pocket-money frequently deprives men of their reason, or at least engenders habits which their reason cannot counteract. Many an excellent tradesmen no sooner receives his wages, than the sum total is melted into that most destructive of all liquors, Whisky. — (O Whisky, Whisky, thou art the ruin, the misery, the death of thousands! Many a sad bereavement hast thou occasioned. Many wives hast thou widowed; and many happy children hast thou made destitute orphans. A curse attends thy intoxicating vapours; and demons watch thy deluded votaries.) Drinking is a dangerous vice; and the more so, because thy companions will mock thee as a coward when thou refusest to join thy shilling and drink thy share. But show thyself a bold, and wise, and honourable man, by resisting the entreaties, and despising the jeers, of all such revellers. If thy acquaintances laugh at thee to-night because thou wilt not drink, remember that the scale will be turned to-morrow, when with painful heads and empty pockets they will envy thee, whose prudence preserved thy head from aching, and retained thy money for necessary purposes.

Extravagant eating, too, is not only the cause of extreme poverty, but the source of numberless diseases. The plainest food is the best for both body and purse. But thou wilt (as I did) find it hard to convince thy palate and appetite of this incontrovertible fact. But let reason rule, and I am sure a month's abstinence from thy accustomed luxuries will completely cure thy stubborn inclinations. For thy encouragement in the practice of frugality, consider that by saving sixpence per day (which appears to be a mere trifle), thou wilt accumulate nine pounds of clear cash in a year. Many a nine pounds is lost entirely for want of this piece of information. Nine pounds is a great sum in these days of general scarcity; even the third part of it, which is 2d. per day, for a year will look very respectable in company with the three extra guineas which I told thee how to gain.

To conclude:—I sincerely admonish thee habitually to practice industry and economy if thou wouldst live comfortable, contented, and happy. Strive to obtain as great an income as thou honestly can; and strive to board, and clothe, and lodge, as cheap as possible; yet abhor the filthy meanness of the miser.

I know some misers in the higher ranks of society, who pilferously pocket the dainties which their neighbours' tables present. Lose none of thy time, spend none of thy money unnecessarily; strive to lay up something for thy maintenance in old age, for then thou wilt neither be able to work nor want, and begging is a bad shift. All sorts of vice are either expensive, painful, or sinful, therefore avoid them; on the contrary, industry and frugality not only lead to wealth, but are estimable as virtues.

The wisest and best of Beings, who gave and supports our existence, sometimes in great kindness prevents the diligent from becoming rich, because he knows that more than a competency would produce pride and ingratitude in their minds, or destroy their bodily frames by indolence and luxury, or because they would make gold their idol, and virtually worship the work of their own hands. Therefore ask His blessing, which alone, and which only can make thee truly happy, and be humble minded whilst thou art diligent and persevering in the arts of accumulating wealth.

I am, Sir,

Thy Friend,

G. GOODINTENT.

October 10, 1820.

## LECTURE ON THE MINOR POETS.

In defiance of the superstitious prejudices of our ancestors, and the benumbing influence of early education, a spirit of liberty manifests itself in all our investigations of whatever lives and moves and has a being around us. Without the risk of excommunication by the priesthood, it may now be asserted that the Glorious Orb of day does not daily revolve round the comparatively insignificant lump of earth upon which we exist: that Witchcraft is now a harmless science: that the tribes of brownies, and fairies, and waterkelpies which often annoyed and disturbed, and sometimes ruined families, in various districts of Scotland, were either imaginary, or creatures of such delicate nerves (notwithstanding their boasted hardihood), that the brightening torch of intelligence has completely scared from our island. Now, I may with safety assert my belief that every creature of every kind, animate and inanimate, exists for some specific and important purpose; and that each individual amongst the endless catalogue of existences, has been expressly appointed to fulfil some wise, some benevolent design, either as an actor in the grand universal drama, or as constituting a part of Nature's splendid theatre: but it is a task from which the brightest human philosopher may shrink, to explain, and to prove to your entire satisfaction, how this grain of sand, or that particle of earth—how this individual

worm, or that particular insect serves an important purpose, and what that purpose happens to be. Equally mysterious is the question—How are noxious weeds, poisonous reptiles, and vicious men necessary to the general welfare and happiness of the universe? Although I venture not to answer these queries, yet I have no more doubt that they may be satisfactorily solved, than I doubt that ripened wheat and fattened oxen are useful in supporting human life, or that a beautiful and virtuous woman is the most lovely and attractive object in the world. But without farther remarks upon the general proposition (that all things are useful), I shall humbly attempt to exhibit the utility of the Minor Poets of all ages and countries, and endeavour to convince you that they, and their compositions, are entitled to a far higher degree of honourable regard than they have hitherto been doomed to receive from the uninspired classes of their fellow mortals. It will not be denied that poets have existed wherever language was understood, and, that in all probability, at the present moment a greater number court the Muses than at any earlier period of human history; nor will it be denied that only a very few names of the ancient, and a select number of the modern poets, are sweetly embalmed by universal admiration and esteem; all the rest having sunk, or are fast sinking into irretrievable oblivion. Unbounded applause, approaching to idolatrous adoration, has age after age been cheerfully conceded to Homer and Virgil, Shakespere and Mil-

ton, Dryden and Pope-yet, alas! how many thousands of excellent, but less fortunate, rivals must have existed, the great majority of whom are forgotten; and that they existed at all is a matter of strong probability and not of historical certainty. How melancholy the thought that struggles for immortality should be so generally unsuccessful, and that the heavenly flame of poetic ardour should be so often and so speedily extinguished! But while you sympathise with my sorrow in deploring the want of an imperishable record of all the names of the sons of song, I feel convinced you will cheerfully join me in investigating the title to our gratitude and praise which the minor poets in general possess, and particularly those with whom our own country and our own neighbourhood have been graced. Had it been possible for me to discuss in a single lecture this important subject in such a regular and clear manner as its importance demands, I would have endeavoured to prove to you, by exhibiting specimens of their productions, that the minor poets are-

- 1. A Most Observant Class of Beings.
- 2. A Communicative Class.
- 3. An Instructive Class.
- 4. An Amusive Class.
- 5. A Reproving Class.
- 6. An Encouraging Class.
- 7. A Sympathizing Class.
- 8. An Animating Class.
- 9. An Inventive Class—whose creative fancy

adds value to all their other qualities. But as neither your time nor my present circumstances allow such a lengthened and systematic affair, I must confine myself to a few detached observations hurriedly jotted down in the intervals of business.

The minor poets are a most numerous and observant class of beings. Nothing within the circumscribed sphere of the little poet escapes his notice. The humbler his talents, the more minute are the matters which attract his attention and excite his muse; and the simpler and more easily understood are the details of his song. With avidity he pounces upon every conceivable oddity—every imaginable novelty; -- and heedless of the lofty flights of sublimity, classic style of language, grammatical accuracy, and even without any fixed plan for a guide, hurries into rhyme the outlines of his subject or the facts of his story, interspersing reflections, and deducing moral lessons with a rapidity which would often astonish the most famous amongst the Leviathans of literature. Events past, present, and future things visible and invisible, shadowy and substantial, palpable and impalpable, real and imaginary—things even so insignificant as to elude the notice of ordinary mortals; all, all come within the range, and are reflected into realities of value, by the magic mirror of the minor poet's imagination.

Great poets, whose names are borne high on the wings of fame from century to century, may well be compared to those opulent merchants whose fleets of ships sweep the coasts of a continent, gathering its valuable produce and rare luxuries for the purpose of supplying other distant quarters of the globe with wholesale quantities-merchants who are the associates of monarchs and of nobles-merchants, whose profitable traffic is the support of thrones, whose dwellings are metropolitan palaces, and whose equipages often surpass in splendour the displays of princes. This class of merchants are not generally accessible to the ordinary purchasers of goods, but must be approached in all their mercantile transactions through the medium of privileged and licensed brokers. Something analagous to this may be remarked concerning all the renowned poets of antiquity. Translators are necessary to render their poetry intelligible, and commentators requisite to display their wit. But the class of poets to whose merits I now solicit your attention, and whose humble qualifications scarcely suffice to keep their names afloat during the period in which they live, need not the aid of interpreters nor commentators; nor are their persons secluded from the public gaze, or the social intercourse of those who courteously desire their company. No, their themes are always within the mental grasp of all the individuals composing the little circle in which they move; their language and style is seldom clogged with the mysteries of refined literature, and their wit generally flashes in all its brilliancy upon the understanding so as never to be mistaken for what it is not, nor remain concealed where it happens to exist. Unlike the great merchants to whom I have compared the highest rank of poets, the minors (to follow out the figure) resemble the snug little skopkeepers, who are thickly planted in all the villages of our empire, whose places of business, though small, contain an extensive assortment of eatable and drinkable, useful and ornamental articles-toys, trinkets, and nick-nacks innumerable; so that man, woman, and child, of every rank, condition, and character in the place may be accommodatedespecially as the stock is generally intended to suit the precise taste, appetite, and circumstances of expected customers. The great merchant will not accommodate the community with any other than large wholesale quantities of the goods which he imports; but the little village dealer thankfully sells to anybody the value of the smallest current coin.

So it is with the great and the minor poets. The former care, or affect to care, little or nothing about the admiration and praise of the vulgar herd of mankind. Being anxious only to obtain and secure the approving smile of monarchs, courtiers, noblemen, and their consequent patronage, they generally attempt epic, dramatic, and other lengthy and tiresome kinds of poetry. Whereas, the latter (the minors) regularly confine themselves to the production of short, lively, detached pieces—always adapted, as nearly as they can, for attracting popularity, and

extorting applause and patronage, from the multitude around them.

I am humbly of opinion that poetry is one of the principal ties by which human society is kept together all over the world. By poetry society is established; by poetry it is improved; by poetry it is refined; by poetry it is renovated; by poetry it is strengthened; and by poetry it will ultimately be perfected. I do not positively affirm that poetry alone, and unaided, must accomplish these things, but, merely, that it is a principal ingredient in their realization. I look upon all the inhabitants of this globe as parcelled out (if the mercantile expression may be tolerated), or divided and subdivided into circles, of every different degree of extent. By ignorance these circles are kept small, by knowledge they are enlarged. In his natural state man knows little else than what goes on in his own family; next he learns something of his immediate neighbours; by and bye he knows and is acknowledged by a cluster of families, who, in Scotland, are denominated clans.

Was there ever a Highland Clan without a Bard? For a thousand years before Ossian sang of War and of Love, down to the present hour, the Highlanders of every clan had their bard. Though many of these bards in our day are very obscure, and very illiterate, still they delight with their metrical compositions every rank and class of the mountaineers who understand their language. I have witnessed the lord of an hundred hills, whose dominions extend in all

directions farther than the eye could reach, and the herd of a score of black-faced lambs, alike attentive to, and alike deeply affected by, the pathetic and the soul-stirring strains of their native poets; strains too, which, like Ossian's in their original glory, were not debased by undergoing the vulgar and humiliating

process of writing.

Writing is to Gaelic Poetry, and to many of the productions of some of our minor poets, what chaining or imprisonment is to the stag or to the lion. Look at these noble sons of the forest as they roam in their native freedom! Who does not admire them? Who does not fear them? Are they not elegant in their movements, sublime in their gambols, terrible in their rage, dreadful in their resentment; who would not shrink at their approach? Again, behold them captured and confined. Where now their elasticity of limb? Where the penetrating flash of their eyes? Where their indescribable dignity and daring which excite astonishment and alarm? Gone-gone like the foaming torrent of the thunder cloud which, having wasted its force upon the wrinkled brow, and the furrowed cheeks of the hoary-headed mountain, loses itself in the almost invisible tract of the trickling rill! Similar, alas, would be the fate of thousands of the productions of our northern bards, and of many of our lowland poets too, were their wild effusions trammelled with the benumbing influence of such common-place materials as paper, pen, and ink.

But the charms of poesy are not confined to the Highlands. Amongst the farmers, peasants, villagers, and town's folk of the Lowlands of Scotland, there exist, to my certain knowledge, poetic circles, which closely border upon, and indeed often intersect one another, in a beautiful and harmonious manner. In each circle a minor poet keeps guard. Unlike the Gaelic bard, who is ever at the nod of a warlike chief, our little poet is generally independent of any one, and the observer of every one. Like the humble, but active and lively redbreast, which watches and catches the noxious insects that infest his favourite garden, the minor poet detects, and exposes, and satirizes the vices and follies of such persons within his circle as are regardless of common decency in their public conduct and private character.

The poet cannot completely extirpate vice in the whole range of his circle, no more than our little feathered favourite can totally extinguish the races of insects and spiders within his twiggy haunt,—but still the glare of his poetic torch often scares, from the actual commission of folly, those whose hearts are not firmly wedded to virtue; while its burning heat scorches the base hypocrite, the cowardly miscreant, and the gloomy hearted, morose, vindictive knave. Your feelings would be ruffled, and your souls disgusted, were I to depict in their true colours, and deformed proportions, the crimes which are prevented from degrading society

by the vigilance, the candour, the out-speaking, honesty of the minor poets.

But it is not only in this negative point of view as regards virtue, this preventive service as regards vice-that I would persuade you more especially to admire the minor poets. Their active exertions to benefit society are innumer-However insignificant these exertions individually may appear, they, in the aggregate, are immensely important: important as are the accumulated particles of corn to the industrious husbandman; and although each particle of itself may, to the thoughtless observer, appear of little value, yet how bare would be the farmer's stackyard! how empty his granary! were each of the enamelled particles we call corn left uncollected in the field, because singly the value of each seemed incalculably diminutive! And here may I be allowed to follow out the figure, and compare the great poets of ancient and modern times to the splendid fruit trees of the orchard and garden, which are planted, and reared, and pruned, and protected, by the wealthy, the luxurious, the noble; and which, although rendered strikingly grand by their magnitude and produce, are, notwithstanding, of far less use to, and far less used by, mankind, than the humble stalks of grain, to which the minors may be likened, that crowd our fields, grow up, yield their fruit, and die in a season; and which, although generally disregarded by all the superficial admirers of Nature,

are highly prized by those whose subsistence depends upon them.

But the philosopher, who ponders with ecstatic delight upon Nature's works and ways, traces and discerns the same bright display of grandeur and benevolence in the field of yellow corn, as in the vast concave expanse of sparkling worlds which surround our little orb of earth. Moreover, while the delicious and expensive fruits of warm climates and rich soils are like the great poets, enjoyed and admired only by a privileged few, the minor poets, on the contrary, are like the humbler fruits,—the currants, rasps, gooseberries, &c,-which, on account of their abundant profusion, their vulgar commonness, their cheapness, their rapid growth and easy cultivation on all kinds of soil, little esteemed by the exalted few, are, nevertheless, to the great mass of mankind, most refreshing, exhilarating, and invariably medicinal in their qualities. Prickles, no doubt, accompany some sorts of minor fruits, as evils of various kinds attend some of the productions of the minor poets, but these are not for a moment to be put in comparison with, or detract from, their general The vulgar crab which grows on our hedges is the admiration of those who cannot witness the progress and perfection of the apple, and its half-ripe fruit greedily climbed for, and devoured with delight by the rustic school-boy, who never has access to garden or orchard.

Look also at the beautiful comparison and

contrast afforded of the minor and major poets, by the different classes of flowers. The minors are like the flowers of our hills and our meadows: the daisy, the primrose, the blue-bell, the forget-me-not, the butter-cup, the wild rose, the thistle, the foxglove, the heather, and thousands of other little favourites; whilst the majors resemble the magnificent dahlias, hollyhoks, &c., &c., which are cultivated with the most attentive care in the parterres of the rich and the great. None, however ignorant and stupid, can look upon the latter without astonishment and praise; but not less satisfactory and enduring are the mental sensations of delight experienced by those who carefully ponder upon nature's numberless uncultivated beauties.

It has been an acknowledged fact since the days of Solomon, that mirth, and fun, and laughter are of incalculable benefit to individuals as well as to society at large. We are often struck with astonishment and awe at the grand conceptions, the sublime thoughts, and the splendid language of the great poets of ancient and modern times, but the little poets raise the laugh, the joke, the innocent frolicsome mirth—the every day amusements which enliven and humanise the world, and of which every class of mankind joyfully participates. From infancy to old age, man is amused and delighted with the metrical proverbs, and the whimsical rhymes, so common in all countries. If I durst venture an opinion regarding the beneficial tendency of laughter, in a medical point of view, I would state

that the beneficial excitement produced by the poetry of our minors is incalculably great, equal, at least, to the success of any description of medicine to which universal cures may have been attributed. I have known headaches, toothaches, colds, and various other ills that life is heir to, removed or alleviated by the judicious application of a droll or whimsical extract from some hitherto unheard-of rhymer. I have even known the peace of a whole neighbourhood preserved, and a most annoying law suit prevented, by the well-timed, humorous satire of a minor poet.

The productions of the minor poets are especially interesting, because often proceeding from unexpected quarters. The exercise of their roaming imaginations often lead their souls into the happy regions of liberty and independence, which, however illusory, excite them to attempt, by language at least, to burst the bonds by which superstition and hypocrisy have always beclouded and enthralled the human mind; and the stronger chains by which despotism has in every age compelled the masses of mankind to honour, obey, support, and fight for the bitterest enemies of their happiness. Their new notions of freedom and its blessings arouse attention, attract admiration, and sooner or later make converts sufficiently numerous and influential, as peacefully to realize their enjoyment. minor poets may be classed with the brightest patriots and best benefactors of the human family.

#### ODE TO FICTION.

FICTION, thou ocean fathomless, from whence The soul obtains immeasurable draughts Of sweet, sublimest nectar: awake, asleep, She dips incessantly imagination's goblet: Lifts to her lips the nourishment luxurious, And freely quaffs, and deeply dips again. In thee the youthful Lover finds delight And soul-inspiring rapture; and from thee, Cloth'd with angelic attributes, comes forth The loved, adored, and cherished of his heart. Thou send'st the Enthusiast food for his wild zeal. The Preacher, crowds of hypocritic converts. By thee the Warrior conquers every foe, Wins fields of glory bright, and fame interminable. Thou load'st with riches greedy traffic's fleets. To thee the Poet looks for lasting praise. In thee the basest man expects felicity, And twice ten thousand creeds have fixed their heaven.

Whoever boasts that he nought owes to Fiction, Has an insensate soul which never tasted joy.

1855.

#### CONSISTENCY.

Oft have I stared, "amazed and curious,"
At mankind's lives and actions various.
All other tribes of creatures know
A beaten path in which to go,
And by their instincts so directed,
Seldom in error are detected.
Birds, beasts, fish, insects know right well
Where Nature wishes them to dwell,
And always feel sincere content
Within their proper element.
But Man, unruly Man, is ne'er
Content in any Earthly sphere.
No law—although from Heaven sent down—
Can guide him—no, not ev'n his own!

1855.

# PHILOSOPHIC MUSINGS.

Philosophers, who have deeply investigated and carefully studied the works of Nature, seem disposed to conclude that Organization and Development are the fundamental requisites of Life and Happiness, and, consequently, that animation is most perfect in beings of the finest construction and proportions, and felicity the most exquisite participated in by those whose faculties are most numerous, most susceptible of expansion, most extensive in their range, and

most accurately directed to their proper objects of gratification. If this be a correct view of the condition of the sentient inhabitants of our globe, it furnishes a ready key to unravel many a mystery, and holds out to rational beings the most urgent inducements vigorously to attempt the individual and social elevation of the species. While to encourage our exertions in this by far the most valuable of all human projects, and ultimately to crown it with success, a great and all-powerful ally, of Nature's own providing, comes to our aid—viz., the principle of Imitation—which, when fully excited, invariably produces Assimilation. This aiding principle to mankind's improvement may be, and often has been, aroused to such a pitch of energy in an elevated direction, that it has carried its subjects far above and beyond the original standards of excellence aimed at; and this single fact constitutes one of the main props on which rest all our hopes for increasing the comforts and advancing the happiness of the human family, Who can now set limits to the progress of mankind towards perfection, after witnessing the immense strides which have been made in a forward and upward course within the short period of the sojourn of the existing generation? What has Agriculture done for fertilizing the soil, and swelling, out of their original insignificance, many of its vegetable and animal productions? What has Navigation done by introducing to one another's acquaintance all the different and far distant tribes

of men, and causing the redundancy of the productions of some nations to supply the deficiency of others? What has the Miner done for the comfort, convenience, and ease of humanity, by raising fuel and furnishing metals, without which there could be no substantial mechanical instruments or machinery? And what has Machinery, combined with Chemistry, done to alleviate the labours of the sons of toil, and to produce, with incalculable despatch, and inimitable beauty, almost every kind of useful and ornamental goods? And what has Machinery, in connexion with Steam and Electricity, done to increase the rapidity and certainty of commercial and social intercourse by land and by water, and to transmit telegraphic intelligence with the speed of a sunbeam? And what enlightenment upon religion, morality, and general knowledge has been extensively diffused, amongst all grades of society, by every means which philanthropy could devise?

An existing philosopher has lately affirmed that nature acts with parsimonious economy in providing materials for all her contemplated operations. My observations lead me to a contrary conclusion: and could I, with sufficient clearness, exhibit the ample array of materials which are in a state of readiness for some great upheaving of humanity, none who look upon them could doubt that a rich redundancy from the Creator's storehouse is soon to be lavished upon the glorious enterprise of mankind's improvement and happiness. Already the wisdom of the people of

Great Britain has prompted them to ten thousand appliances, which are brought into vigorous operation by the combined efforts of individuals for their own and the general benefit of the species. Associations have been formed to effect every conceivable good, and to prevent or alleviate every imaginable evil. ciations exist which make amends for the ravages of the devouring flames, the tempest's fury, and death itself. Associations for the universal diffusion of arts. science, literature, and religion—for the promotion of peace and the extinction of war-to extirpate every kind of vice and to reclaim the most vicious-to relieve the afflicted—to restrain the tyrant—to rescue the slave-to provide work and wages for the unemployed—to effect the complete freedom of international traffic. Associations with unprecedented wealth are multiplying to compress, by means of railways and steam-boats, all portions of the British Isles into one grand co-operative community of industry and enjoy-Our cities, towns, villages, seas, harbours, rivers, mines, gardens, granaries, dairies, flocks, fisheries, and forests—our agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, and consumers—our philosophers, teachers, and students—our rulers and the ruled—must all soon be united by rapid and easy modes of communication into one harmonious whole, and, forgetting political animosities and religious feuds, every class will cheerfully and enthusiastically merge as into one family, for the effectual promotion of the prosperity and happiness of all. When this blending of feelings

and interests takes place, and produces the anticipated results, other nations will unquestionably imitate us and do likewise. Already the greatest monarchs on earth have come to look at, to examine, to admire, and to copy our preliminary efforts—byand-by Britain will become the model of perfection to all nations. Who does not feel animated and elevated by such anticipations, and exclaim,—

"The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me, No shadows, clouds, or darkness, rest upon it."

What now is wanted in the present generation but the ambition, the courage, the determination to rise and to soar, in regions of excellence and felicity, far above all former generations? Now, it will be seen that those classes of mankind who bring prominently into view, and are suitably impressed with, proper objects of Imitation, shall speedily become better and happier than they have hitherto been, and go on towards perfection till the end of time; while those who continue to resist and repel the brightest examples of excellence that can be pressed upon their imitative faculties, must, though with pity and regret, be expelled from good society, and left to their downward fate. But an effort is necessary to be made by every one who would aid in accomplishing the grand realization; and although few can do a great thing, every one may at least do something, or encourage others in their ways of well-doing. Fortunately for the great mass of individuals (as all history attests), "Great events from little causes spring." Why, therefore, may not the humblest try to climb to eminence? and begin by shaking off sloth, and renouncing evil habits—especially Intemperance, that NATIONAL CURSE. The general relinquishment of Intemperance would soon enable thousands, ay millions, who now riot in rags, to clothe themselves and families comfortably and elegantly—to have clean and warm beds, and plenty of wholesome and palatable food—to get their children educated, and taught to imitate and to emulate their parents' example—and thus generation after generation progress onwards to as perfect a condition as humanity can attain.

Is this not practicable? Is it but a dream? Is it nothing more than an Utopian flight of fancy? If Man is a Rational Being, as he pretends to be, and as I believe him to be, then what I predict must sooner or later be literally fulfilled.

Gladly have I hailed, of late years, the dawn of general improvement, and hope yet to see its meridian splendour; and, at the risk of being accused of selfishness, I must remark, that nothing gives an individual, or a community, a more graceful appearance than good clothing. Who does not respect a well-dressed person, and despise one who is not? And who is there without suitable clothes who might not have them, but for vice in some quarter misappropriating Heaven's bounty? When will the victory of virtue over vice—right over wrong—happi-

ness over misery—be accomplished and proclaimed? While every province of the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms are strewing their treasures at our feet, why should not every one be well clothed? Nature has enough and to spare for all. How admirably dressed are all the other orders of creation with which we are acquainted; and is Man, the acknowledged lord of them all, to have many members of his family worse clad than beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and flowers?

If these sentiments which I have ventured to inculcate, be read, appreciated, and acted on, by those for whose benefit they are intended, my native county will once more lead the van, as she has often done, in our onward march to national glory and greatness; and then I shall have my reward.

12th March, 1846.

## ON SALLY.

When on the clumsy iron bar
Two brawny smiths engage in war,
Their massy hammers loud rebound,
The anvil joins a piercing sound;
But louder far the echoes flew
When armies fought on Waterloo;
Still higher strains the tempests raise
Against the rock's resounding base.

Yet these the traveller must compare To sounds of China's painted ware, When in Columbia's forests tall The lofty pines around him fall: Struck by the vivid flash they reel, And o'er his head the thunders peal. Or while from Etna's awful brow The melting rocks in torrents flow, He hears the earth's tremendous groans, And dreadful showers of flaming stones; Grandly terrific! this exceeds What else from Nature's voice proceeds. But, hark! ye listening youths, and tremble, (Abhor the thought: can I dissemble) Were I to sound due praise to Sally, The thundering powers must round me rally, And Etna's bellowing bowels join, And tempests raise their voice with mine, Armies in death's keen struggles meet, And Highland heroes Frenchmen greet; Hammers and anvils lend their notes And all in concert swell our throats. Her tender heart first claims my praise, 'Tis form'd for love, and virtue's ways; Happy's the youth, and highly blest To whom she oft has love confest. No flaming vulgar colours glow Upon her cheeks of virgin snow: Her face and neck and breast so white. Sure angel form ne'er shone so bright.

Nor e'er can sparkling diamonds vie With dazzling glances of her eye; Nor raven's glossy wing compare With jetty tresses of her hair. A form like her's no Grecian knew, Nor modern artist ever drew So fine a form, a face, and mind, Were ne'er by Nature's hand combin'd.

1819.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

NATURAL History depends upon facts which are open to the inspection of every one who has time and opportunity to examine them. I intended to devote part of my attention this summer to the natural history of that singular bird the Cuckoo; but finding that the season has imperceptibly passed away without making any addition to my knowledge of that bird, I now beg leave to communicate a few facts respecting it, which I acquired by observation, intermixed with others, which I have from the most authentic sources.

Cuckoos arrive in Britain in the middle of April, and leave it in the first week of July. Unlike all other birds in this country, they neither associate in pairs, nor build nests, but entrust the hatching of their eggs, and the rearing of their young, to a variety of small birds, viz., the Tit-lark, the Hedge-sparrow,

the Water-wag-tail, the Green Linnet, the Yellow Hammer, and the Whinchat. Although a female Cuckoo probably lays more than twenty eggs in a season, she generally deposits only one in any nest, because when the young one is hatched, it grows so rapidly that in a short time it requires the whole nest for its accommodation. In a few hours after a young cuckoo is hatched, which generally happens at the same time as its foster parent's young, it sets to work, although blind and naked, and with all possible diligence, tumbles every one of its neighbour nestlings out of the nest. This curious phenomenon I once witnessed in the case of the Tit-lark's young. I replaced them in the nest, but the young cuckoo resolutely turned them out again. The nestlings and unhatched eggs of other birds which have cuckoos in their nests, universally suffer the same fate. It sometimes happens that two cuckoos are hatched in the same nest. When this is the case one of them must inevitably perish; for immediately on leaving their shells a contest for the sole possession of the nest ensues, in which, as in all other trials of strength, the most powerful ultimately prevails. The struggle sometimes lasts a day or two, such is their obstinacy.

Young Cuckoos generally continue three weeks in the nest, and are fed five weeks longer by the fosterparents. They are sometimes so large before they can provide for themselves, that the little birds which attend them are obliged to perch on their backs or half-expanded wings, in order to obtain sufficient elevation to feed them.

It seems strange, that the small birds which nurse the young Cuckoos should be so deprived of natural affection as to permit their own young to perish in such great numbers, as about four for every young Cuckoo which is reared. But Nature permits nothing to occur without answering some good end. At the season of the year when there is such a destruction among the young birds, there are tribes of young and tender quadrupeds and reptiles, such as mice, weasels, rats, snails, &c., seeking food about hedges, to which the delicate nestlings turned out by the Cuckoo are excellent nourishment. This is quite consistent with the ordinary course of Providence, as a great proportion of birds, beasts, and fishes support their existence by depriving smaller and weaker creatures of life.

## TO ELIZA.

Through all nature my fancy has wander'd in vain To discover an emblem of thee,

Not on earth—in the air—on the wide starry plain,

On the trees of the forest, or waves of the main,

Such an object of beauty I see.

Should I back to old Eden's sweet groves trace my way,

And them plunder and rob of their store;

All their fair tinted flowers, and blossoms so gay, Although join'd in one posey, could beauty display Like thing; O thou maid I adore.

If the miser who totters in ragged attire,
Had only one glance of thy charms,
No longer his silver or gold he'd admire,
But his bosom would glow with celestial fire,
Which every vile passion disarms.

For a fair but false woman the Trojans long fought,
Till their city in ashes lay low;
But like thee had a virgin before them been brought,
No longer the safety of Helen they'd sought,
Nor the spear, or bright javelin throw.

From Persia's Great King an Ambassador came
To visit our free happy isle;
If thy face he had seen, his Circassian dame,\*
(Tho' exalted her praise, and extended her fame,)
No longer his heart could beguile.

Though thy beauty's enchanting, thy virtue and worth

Far surpass ev'ry praise I can give,
And thy kind gen'rous soul, and thy pure prudent
mirth,

And thy hands tireless toils of industry show forth, That in one joy and virtue can live.

1819.

<sup>\*</sup> A highly celebrated beauty of that time.

## HINTS ON THE WORTH OF LIFE.

EVERY one is not born to be a philosopher, but every one who is born with ordinary powers of mind, has, in this country at least, the opportunity of being wise. We are not under the necessity of placing ourselves at the feet of great philosophers, or toiling through large manuscript volumes, like the ancients, in order to attain wisdom: for her lessons are now so numerous, and so easily acquired, that we begin to despise them as almost quite unnecessary. parents instruct us in the knowledge of religious truths, much superior to what the wisest ancient Greeks could teach; and in all our towns, and even smallest villages, there are public teachers of true religion, and the purest wisdom, who weekly pour forth their invaluable knowledge in the most pathetic Books in great profusion, upon every discourses. subject, are within our reach. But what do all these privileges avail us? Nothing! The stream of vice seems to increase with rapidity, and down it float the majority of our youth, singing,

> "This life's a jest, and all things shew it, I thought so once, but now I know it."

But with all due deference to the admirers of these lines, and due respect to the memory of their "GAY"

author, (on whose bust, in Westminster Poets' corner, they are still legible,) I take the liberty of affirming, that they are very far from containing a true description of life.

This life is a very important possession. Its influences upon, and consequences in, a future state of existence, forbid its being denominated a *jest*. But, without considering the incalculable importance of the present life, as connected with a future, there are various motives sufficient to induce us to speak and act on all occasions with the greatest caution.

Every man wishes to be esteemed by those who know him, and it is much to be regretted that this principle is not stronger; but respectability of character is attainable only by correct circumspection of behaviour. Happiness, too, is the desire of every one, and the main object of every one's pursuit; but few are happy, because there are only few who live in a manner consistent with true happiness. Now, if men would weigh in their minds the produce, if I may so name the daily results of folly and wisdom, and compare the trifling delusive pleasure, or rather dreams, of the one mode of life, with the satisfactory, solid, and lasting enjoyments of the other, they would not surely for one moment hesitate in their choice. But it is a melancholy truth, that few, very few, deliberate or think at all about the best way of spending The multitime, or the most correct rules of life. tude are guided by custom in their outward conduct,

and by inclination and chance (as we call the absence of principle), in respect to religion and morality.

Men must first know the value of time, before they properly improve it; and its value to individuals is known only by the useful things which each may accomplish in his own particular sphere. The labourer, for example, is not able, nor is he expected, to perform many and great deeds of charity; but if by persevering industry, and carefully refraining from spending his wages unnecessarily, (as by drinking, &c.) he can support a wife and rear a virtuous family, he is justly considered a worthy member of society, and an ornament to his country.

The duties of life vary considerably with the difference of rank; but the disproportion of income makes a vast difference in individual responsibility. He whose income is double his expenditure, ought to be kind and bountiful to his poor and ignorant neighbours; and beneficent to the savage inhabitants of distant countries, by giving liberally to those societies which have undertaken to civilise, and to instruct them in the Christian religion. It is true that every person cannot perform great and good actions every hour of life; but is it not evident from revelation and the light of nature, that our minds should be constantly fixed on the advancement of the virtue and happiness, not only of ourselves and families, but of the whole human race? We therefore ought to improve our time and talents with these objects in view,

and take advantage of every opportunity which occurs to accomplish them; for, as Waller sings,—

"Circles are prais'd not that abound In largeness, but th' exactly round; So life we praise which does excel, Not in much time, but acting well."

April 22d, 1850.

### ON JANET.

DAFT fools may sing o' beauty's charms, And knaves may snatch at riches, But gie me Janet to my arms, O! she my heart bewitches.

She's beauty plenty, and for cash
I canna say she's scant o't,
But nought care I 'bout beauty's dash,
For cash—I'm no in want o't.

My Janet has a sonsy heart,
And merry jocund spirit,
And twa guid nieves, I trow right smart,
That ne'er at wark were weary't.

Tho' music, dancing, gaudy dress, May please the lug and een ay, Yet pretty misses must confess They ne'er keep kitchen bein ay. The flirts that skip about the town,
And scorn to be industrious,
May trembling fear snell fortune's frown,
"And dread the day disastrous."

What's every fine accomplishment,
When heart and hauns are wanted?
Faith, starving bairns are no content,
Till scones and claes are granted.

But Janet baith can dress and shine, And skip and dance fu' neatly, And speak, and beck, like lady fine, Or housewife act completely.

O may she wha inspires my sang Soon be mine ain fu' canty; Nae mair I'll ca' the e'enings lang, Nor lie my lane and gaunt ay.

1819.

# BURNS'S RESPONSE TO HIS BIRTH-DAY ADDRESS AT PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR.

In bless'd abodes where lofty spirits dwell, And hymns of joy from 'raptured myriads swell, Burns stood;—a guardian angel at his side, And looking down his Birth-day Ode espied.

His wing'd companion caught his wistful gaze, And to his musing master thus he says:—

- "Why, Sir, with kindly eye on Earth look down?
- "I thought that orb from thee deserved a frown;
- "But Heaven thou knowest forbids that vengeance e'er
- " Should stir the soul of any inmate here.
- "If thou a friendly message wish conveyed,
- "Bid me-and quick as thought thy will's obeyed."
  - "Yes," Burns replied, "wilt thou descend and tell
- "That here my joy all earthly joys excel,
- "Still 'tis my wish that Ayrshire bless'd may be,
- " And nought can raise her more than poetry:
- "Stoutly I struggled to illume her soul,
- " And wrest it from despotic priests' controul:
- " My success great-and grateful has she been,
- " As mark the Pile on Doon, thou oft has seen.
- "Tell her that while I thank her for applause,
- "I'm not the only champion in her cause:
- "One minstrel sings, who follows in my wake,
- " List to his lays-if only for my sake.
- "He, yet a babe when I from Earth took flight,
- "Now shines forth in poetic armour bright;
- " My mantle o'er him long ago I'threw,
- "His scatter'd leaves attest the fact as true.
- "I now observe him gath'ring up in store
- "Those wide-cast gems of literary lore,
- "Which have attention drawn, esteem secured,
- "And num'rous minds to sweet improvement lured.

- "His little book age after age shall scan-
- "Applaud the poet, but forget the man.
- "His hoary head in course of nature must
- "Soon sink and find repose with Mother Dust;
- "His spirit wend its flight from your dark sphere,
- "To be by me and angels welcom'd here."

The angel smiling—" Pray, Sir, wilt thou name "To whom the message I must now proclaim?" Burns promptly answered—"Yonder, see him sit, "Who penn'd my Ode with true poetic wit."

Swift as a sunbeam down the angel sped, His brilliant wings o'er the horizon spread; Invisible to mortal ken he flew, Except to the inspir'd, enlightened few; And in mine ear, in gentle whispers, told What Burns in Heaven desired him to unfold.

December, 1855.

### PURE HYPOCRISY.

I AM a practical patriot, whose labours have been of great advantage to society; but of late, certain calumniators have endeavoured, by the vilest aspersions, to ruin my character, and to prevent my usefulness. I therefore beg permission to vindicate and establish my good name, and to prove myself a better man than my enemies. In order to accomplish these very important purposes, I shall, with

great honesty and plainness, lay before you the fundamental principles upon which my character is built, and on which its excellence depends; and in doing so shall, I have no doubt, convince the public of my inviolable uprightness.

I am accused of being a revealer of secrets, a malicious slanderer, a tale-bearer, a cowardly flatterer, and a formal professor of religion:—but no one has ventured to blame me with highway robbery, assault, or battery, a propensity to duelling, or the vengeful gratification of any vindictive passion. Thanks to my stars, a certain great law of Nature has effectually prevented me from the commission of these crimes; and that I am equally clear of the list charged against me, I proceed to shew—

Istly.— I am not a "revealer of secrets." When I meet with an acquaintance who rouses my curiosity, by hinting at some interesting private anecdote, which he seems unwilling to relate; I, in order to get it out of him, give him an honest stare in the face, and assure him that he never found me a traitor. This conduct and a friendly profession or two, generally produces the necessary disclosure. I like news—domestic news—with all my heart; but news, you know, answer no good purpose until they are published. I therefore, from a pure wish to benefit the public, as well as to give vent to the overflowings of my heart, make it a duty of conscience to give to the world every sort of information I am able to acquire. I thus add largely to the circulating useful knowledge

of the community, and consider myself deserving the highest praise instead of censure and reproach.

2ndly.—I am no "malicious slanderer." When I know a man to be a bad man, am I not justified in describing his true character to everybody who knows him, in order that they may be on their guard against him. Herein I think myself a philanthropist, not only to the public, but to the individual whom I cause the public to beware of, as it prevents him from increasing his criminality. And who can justly blame me, although his business decrease by my assiduity? You know that it is a sound political maxim to sacrifice private interest to public advantage.

3rdly.—I am not "a talebearer." If one person tells me a dishonourable thing of another person, I, as a judge in the case, am anxious to ascertain both sides of the story:—for every story has two sides, Accordingly I embrace the first opportunity of calmly communicating what I have heard to the person accused; who, without scruple, gives me his account of the affair. If this does not satisfy my mind, I revert to my first informant, and by disclosing what I have heard contradictory to his narrative, never fail in stirring up all his eloquence to give me his story and arguments complete. I thus obtain a great mass of enlivening and instructive knowledge, which I gratuitously circulate pro bono publico; and for this I am repaid with the title of "talebearer," by certain ungrateful miscreants.

4thly.—I am not a "cowardly flatterer." man, upon which my business partially depends, has taken offence at any of my patriotic exertions, in which his name was mentioned, I, in justice to myself, and in obedience to the Christian precept which says, "live at peace with all men," endeavour by every means in my power to pacify him; and thanks to my calm dispassionate manners, I have never been unsuccessful in attempts of this kind. I am not one of those fool-hardy blusterers, who tell a man to his face all the ill they have to say of him. I dislike, nay abhor, all such impolite confronting measures; but admire and practice the sweet insinuating arts which are conducive to peace and tranquillity. soft answer turneth away wrath," as Solomon says, and who can blame me for obeying the Bible?

5thly.—I am not "a formal professor of religion." Those who blame me with formality forget that prudence is my ruling principle; and you know that every prudent, sensible man must necessarily be sincerely religious, when religion is fashionable. Besides, I am convinced of the propriety of countenancing religion, it is such a good thing for keeping the lower ranks in due subordination. For the arguments deducible from the following incontestible facts, fully demonstrate, that I am a very good Christian:—I believe the Bible,—go to church twice in two months at least,—never get drunk on a Sunday above six times per annum,—never utter an oath, except in cursing my servant;

only perhaps three or four times a day. When I have company at dinner, I never neglect to mutter a blessing of at least five words in length, with Amen at the end of them. My gifts to the poor amount to no less than one penny per week—few give more,—and I annually subscribe Five Shillings to the Bible Society. My veracity ought to be proverbial, for I never tell a fib when the truth will answer my purpose. Whosoever therefore denies the orthodoxy of my faith, or the purity of my practice, is himself divested of Christian charity, and on that account not so good a member of society as I am; for I tolerate the religion of every man who does not cheat, steal, rob, or otherwise break the peace by his wickedness.

Having thus vindicated my character from the gross calumnies which the envious and malicious have been industriously circulating against me; I conclude by assuring you that I am your most humble obedient servant.

20th November, 1820.

# TO MISS M-H-

THE north polar Star claims the mariner's praise, For it guides by attraction, and guides by its rays; The gallant war ship, or the fisherman's bark, Without it would perish alike in the dark. Thou art too a Star most bright, Brilliant as the orb of day, Shedding rays of pure delight, Ever shining, ever gay.

Winning by thy sweet attractions
Hearts which never felt love's flame;
Rousing to the noblest actions
Youths who only hear thy fame.

Without thy soft smiles, or a glance of thine eye, This heart, which adores thee, would languish—would die.

Are not our hearts one? then I've nothing to fear Altho' rivals unnumber'd still crowd on my rear.

Rivals I have great and many,
(Who would prize what's easy won?)
Boldly striving each to gain thee,
Let them strive—my task is done.

True, the needle's to the pole
When 'tis sunshine, calm at sea,
True, when waves like mountains roll,
So, my love, my heart's to thee.

22nd February, 1820.

## FATAL SABBATH DESECRATION.

About fifteen years ago, a tailor named William Sutherland, with his wife and four or five children, inhabited a cottage in the village of Uplaw-moor. This tailor was a good cutter—a good stitcher well employed-well paid-always disappointed his customers-and was always in poverty. This was his character as a tailor, but as a man, he might be a man of honour for anything I know; I knew him only as a tailor, and I knew him well as such; for he was my father's tailor, my brother's tailor, and my own tailor. Besides a knowledge of the sublime mysteries of his profession, he had obtained, I supposed by natural instinct, such a correct knowledge of politics as to be able to talk with confidence on the momentous topics of invasion, devastation, extirpation, which Buonaparte then threatened our nation There is undoubtedly a striking analogy between stitching two pieces of cloth together, and uniting in the bonds of peace two discordant kingdoms, as Britain and France were in those days. This observation may partly account for the wisdom of a plan which the Uplaw-moor tailor had in view, for terminating all our hostilities with France, viz.: -giving one of our King's daughters in marriage to Bonaparte, although they should both go to the d-l (as he politely expressed himself). But if our nation was not benefited by this most admirable project, its

interests, I have no doubt, were greatly promoted by the efficient assistance which our army would receive from an apprentice of his named Ross Bain, who preferred fighting his country's battles to remaining with his master, and enduring his tyranny.

One Sabbath morning, in the winter of 1805-6, as William Sutherland and a few of his associates were walking on the banks of Loch Libo, they happened to discover a useful kind of down, which a certain plant growing near that loch produces. They gathered a quantity of this article, and thinking that it would repay their trouble to spend the day in gathering more, they hastened home to breakfast, which having speedily devoured, they posted back to their unhallowed toil. The scene of their labour was on the opposite side of the loch to that in which Uplaw-moor stands; and although it was covered with ice, yet as there had been only one night's severe frost, they preferred going round the loch to venturing on the ice. The tailor's eldest son, a boy about ten years of age, though forbidden to accompany the party, took the liberty of following, but at a very respectful distance, lest his father should administer a certain prescription, famous for its efficacy on disobedient children, and well known in that district by name of Oil of Hazel. The boy reached the near side of the loch about the time his father and companions regained their former station on the opposite bank. The father observing his son's obstinate anxiety to join the

party, cried to him to come over on the ice, and take off his shoes, lest he should fall; the boy obeyed, but before he could reach the other side his feet became chilled, and he stopped and cried. His father imperiously commanded him to proceed, and proposed going on the ice to meet and chastise him. His associates remonstrated against the dangerous experiment—he despised their advice—stept upon the crackling, bending ice-moved on, denouncing curses upon his trembling boy:-they met, they sank! they appeared and re-appeared clasped in each other's arms, and shrieking for help, but none was near; they therefore sank to rise no more! thunderstruck spectators could not render them the least assistance, though within about twenty yards. There was a boat on the loch, but three hours elapsed before it could be brought to the place where the bodies lay. The corpses were raised without difficulty, as the water at that place was only seven feet deep; but the whole party narrowly escaped a watery grave, the boat being shattered and leaky.

The sympathy which the neighbourhood displayed to the widow and orphans deserves to be recorded. Mrs. Muir of Caldwell sent them a guinea, on the very day on which the melancholy catastrophe took place; and a considerable sum of money was in a few days collected for their benefit in the surrounding district. My father, who has something of the good Samaritan in his composition, was the first who gave them effectual relief.

On hearing of their irreparable loss, he despatched your humble servant with about four pecks of good oatmeal on his shoulders, as he guessed their pantry was not overstocked with that commodity, which was very valuable in those days. By these and similar acts of Christian kindness, the widow was enabled to settle her affairs, and to remove herself and children to her native place, which was in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

I am of opinion this faithful narrative requires no comments to render it edifying to both sabbathbreakers and sabbath-keepers.

December, 1820.

# CONFESSION OF THE YEAR 1855.

POET .- "Old Eighteen Fifty-five, farewell!

"Of thy career pray quickly tell?"

- 1855 .- " Most anxiously have I looked on
  - "Events that now are past and gone:
  - "I have seen a bloody strife,
  - "Fifty thousand lose their life;
  - "Seen renowned Sebastopol
  - "Wrested from the Czar's rule.
  - "I've seen a fleet leave Britain's shore,
  - "The like was never seen before,
  - "Dash up the Baltic with a frown,
  - "And swear to smash fierce Cronstadt down;

- "Return as pompous as it went,
- "With doing little quite content.
- "Britain once a Nelson had,
- "Compared with Dundas, he was mad!
- "I have seen the greatest knaves
- "Ever banished o'er the waves,
- "Bankers erst, but felons now-
- "Seen their scantimonious brow;
- "Every honest man now hates
- "Culprits-Strachan, Paul, and Bates.
- "I have Emperors, Queens, and Kings,
- " (Mankind all adore such things,)
- "Seen in gorgeous pomp arrayed,
- " Each other's capital parade;
- "Their visits seal with double kiss,
- " Proof of lasting peace and bliss.
- "A swindling murderer I've seen,
- "In Britain ne'er such wretch has been,
- "A loving wife, a brother, friend,
- " (To save whose lives he did pretend,)
- "Basely he with poison killed,
- "That his gaunt coffers might be filled,
- "My pen shall ne'er record his name,
- "Though infamously damned to fame!
- "What my successor soon may see
- "Predicted shall not be by me,

- "But this, my earnest, humble prayer,
- "May heaven quench bloodshed's ghastly glare,
- "Silence for ever War's alarms,
- "And lovely Peace display her charms."

## TO THE READER.

Most of people generally desire to know less or more of the personal history of the author of any book they have satisfactorily perused; and taking it for granted that such of my readers as have arrived at this page of my volume are somewhat pleased with its contents, I will, in a very few sentences, give a bare outline of the career of the author.

I was born on the farm of Grange, parish of Dunlop, on the morning of the 6th day of November, 1795. An eminence on the farm is still named "Boyd's Hill," in consequence of being the place where Sir Thomas Boyd, Lord of Kilmarnock, was basely murdered by Sir Alexander Stewart on the 9th day of July 1439. The assassin's lurking-place is still pointed out.

My education was very limited, not extending over (at the most) two full years of time; but my taste for reading was at all times in vigorous exercise—"Jack the Giant Killer," and a few of his compeers, besides the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," all illustrated with engravings, were my earliest favourites. I often heard in those days of a most

wonderful book called "Gulliver's Travels," but could not command sufficient influence to have it either bought or borrowed.

The Bible, however, formed the wide, deep, and never-failing fountain of information to my thirsty mind; but I must confess that the irreverent and indiscriminate use of the New Testament as a schoolbook kept me for many after years from duly appreciating its most important announcements.

I was engaged in daily drudgery, like the sons of all the smaller Ayrshire farmers, until the month of June 1811, when I engaged myself as an apprentice to a Kilmarnock draper, whom I served faithfully and zealously for nearly four years. My employer indulged me with the luxury of an unlimited supply of books out of the Kilmarnock Library: but having nobody to guide me in the selection, I wasted many an hour upon books that were comparatively worthless. Still I plodded onwards in the pursuit of knowledge, redeeming time by early rising, even in the coldest winter mornings.

I left Kilmarnock to look for a situation in London in the spring of the year 1815. I went by Glasgow and Edinburgh, and set sail from Leith (on board the sloop *The Ocean*, Captain William Nisbet), upon the very day the news arrived of Buonaparte's landing in France from his little dominions in the island of Elba; and being eight days at sea the news of his re-ascension of the imperial throne of France had been received in the metropolis before I landed.

After a week of wearisome and solitary wanderings on the streets of London, I obtained employment as a salesman in the now first-rate establishment of Messrs Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, then in its infancy. Notwithstanding our place of business being a small, plain, gloomy, unostentatious shop, many of the very highest nobility drove up to our door and became liberal purchasers. We conducted sales on the most correct moral principles. The great and small were charged exactly alike for our goods, and not a farthing of abatement was ever allowed upon any account however large. I frequently had the honour of personally attending to the demands of many of the most noble families in the empire; and more than once sold rich goods, and got the money for them, in King George the Third's palace of St. James's. Many a package have I addressed to the jolly old Duke of York, containing goods suited to personages moving in his circle of select society.

When the high hopes of the empire were suddenly blasted by the awfully-affecting death of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales (6th November 1817), I had the melancholy honour of personally furnishing the royal apothecary (Mr. Brand) with the pure white, and royal blue silk into which the embalmed body of the deeply-lamented wife of Prince Leopold was wrapped.

I liked London exceedingly, but was destined to commence business in Kilmarnock full thirty-eight years ago; and here I continue to do business as a Draper on a goodly scale for a provincial town. I have had, first and last, a most laborious journey through life—amazingly diversified with circumstances both of a pleasant and a painful character. Not vanity, but a higher motive might induce me (if permitted to enjoy health for a few years) to fill up the outline which I have thus hastily drawn. I am not quite tired of sublunary affairs, although I know that in a very short time my accounts with this world must all be closed. I have no very great anxiety for posthumous fame as an author; but I do, with the most intense faith and joyous hope, anticipate an immortality of ever-progressing blessedness, arising out of the inexhaustible developments of mind and matter with which the unbounded universe is stored.

HUGH CRAIG.

February 24, 1856.

## DIRGE.

The greatest empires e'er this world has seen, Have pass'd away, as if they ne'er had been; And envying monarchs who their grandeur ap'd, And trembling kings from conquest wide escap'd, And flattering sycophants, and courtly slaves, All—all are gone—and who can trace their graves? Such too, of heroes, and of statesmen great, And wisest—best—and holiest men—the fate;

Nor skill profound, nor scientific lore, Can stay the doom we shun, dread, and deplore. A period comes, when works of art decay, The Grecian marble statues wear away, Egypt's great pyramids, and China's wall-Like mole-hills crumbling—bye and bye must fall; The splendid pictures Raphael's pencil drew, And Hogarth's droll ones, soon shall perish to. Ruin o'ertakes whatever man has made: No wonder, then, that Ruin reaches trade. The great commercial Ishmaelites of old, Who bought and barter'd slaves and goods for gold, With scores of generations since their day, Have traded—gain'd and lost, and died away: And countless cities, far in Eastern climes, Have risen, flourished, fallen,—had their times. Phœnician—Grecian—Rome's proud merchants have, Like all before them, sunk into the grave; And their successors, still as years roll'd on, Down to the present age—have come—are gone! On rolls the time when London's merchants shall. Despite their wealth and envy'd grandeur, fall, And Devastation northward bend its course, Till Glasgow's commerce sinks beneath its force-Even Avrshire, too, shall mourn the sweeping plague, When dark oblivion overtakes-Hugh CRAIG.

